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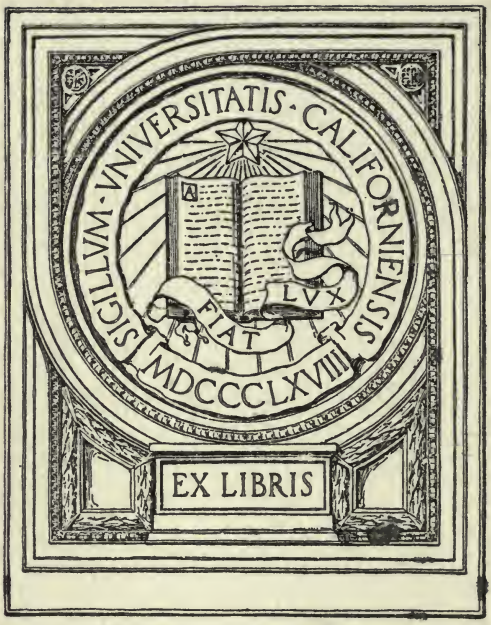
TOUR TO OREGON 1841-2

JOSEPH WILLIAMS



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NARRATIVE

OF A TOUR

FROM THE STATE OF INDIANA

TO THE

OREGON TERRITORY

IN THE YEARS 1841-2

By JOSEPH WILLIAMS

With an Introduction by
JAMES C. BELL, Jr.

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INTRODUCTION.

The book here published for the first time is the narrative of a traveler who accompanied the first emigrants from the United States to the Pacific Coast in 1841. It was printed for the author in 1843 and is practically unknown to scholars or the collectors of books relating to the history of western America. Its importance to any who are interested in this phase of the development of the United States will be evident, if for a moment we consider certain aspects of the times in which the writer lived.

It is a truism to say that most Americans enjoy travel, and indulge themselves in this form of amusement to an extreme degree. The glamor of a journey, the thought of seeing new places, rather than the discomfort and not infrequent hardships, fill the minds of all would-be travelers; nor will the experience of others often deter those who have set their hearts upon visiting far places about which rumor has been weaving bright illusions. The desire for travel, mere travel for its own sake, without other aim than that of satisfying our curiosity, is general among all classes of the American people, as one may prove by glancing at the faces upon the sightseeing buses of any city street. What is, perhaps, not so generally realized is the fact that this longing to visit new and distant places, is a very old one in America; one frequently gratified

by all sorts of people in an earlier day when travel was neither luxurious nor safe.

The book before us is the account of a traveler to the Pacific Coast long before railway and automobile made travel convenient for the tourist. It was the day when goods were moved by canal boat or raft, and passengers journeyed, either by "elegant" river steamers, or in stage coaches, which had difficulty in moving through muddy roads, that were described by Charles Dickens as "having no variety but in depth." A few railways had been constructed between nearby cities, and the building of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the first conceived for the purpose of connecting two important districts of the United States, had been undertaken. It was the day when people thought of transportation in terms of canals, rather than railways, while the idea of paved highways was a matter for future concern.

It was also the day before the country became thickly populated; settlement in the Mississippi Valley in 1840 was confined almost exclusively to the neighborhood of navigable streams; the frontier was the Missouri River. New Englanders were settling on the rich Illinois prairies, farmers from the north European countries were just beginning to cultivate the rolling hills of Iowa and Wisconsin, which had been recently surveyed by the government and thrown open to settlement. Beyond the frontier lay the open prairie and the Rocky Mountains, west of which was the little known region called "the great American desert." Many warlike tribes inhabited this vast stretch of

country, whose only contact with civilization came through the occasional missionary and the fearless trapper.

The trappers searched every mountain stream for the beaver skins which were used in the manufacture of gentlemen's hats; but they rarely ventured into the great desert beyond the Rocky Mountains as the game upon which man lived did not exist in the sage brush country. No other fur-bearing animal was so much sought as the beaver, for the possession of a fur coat was not thought a mark of wealth and distinction among occidental peoples of that day.

The tourist attractions of the United States about 1840 were rather limited for a resident of Napoleon, Ripley County, Indiana; a summer traveler might take the monotonous and sultry boat trip down the Ohio to St. Louis, or go by stage to Niagara Falls. At this latter spot of scenic grandeur, the tourist's soul would be stirred by the roaring of the waters, but there were no intermediate points of interest to relieve the tedium of the journey. Aside from this, there was little to do except stay home and raise more grain than a farmer could profitably sell.

There was, however, another alternative for a man of sixty-four years who desired to preach to others and see the country as well. He might go to the Pacific Coast by a route which was literally teeming with the varied and fantastic wonders of nature. Oregon was occasionally visited by fur traders and missionaries, while the peaceful ranch life of the Mexicans in California was sometimes

disturbed by trappers and horse thieves from Missouri. It mattered little that almost two thousand miles of prairie, mountain and desert separated the border towns of Independence and Westport, Missouri, from the settlements of Oregon and California.

In the Willamette Valley of Oregon, near its junction with the lower Columbia River, were a few farms cultivated by New England missionaries and French Canadians, old servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. From San Diego to the Bay of San Francisco were the scattered missions of Spanish Franciscans, who were the first to carry European civilization to California. Near the Pacific Coast were vast stretches of rich agricultural lands inviting cultivation. In Oregon the coast natives were rapidly disappearing; while in California the Indians supplied labor under the economic system controlled by the Mexicans. Such was the population and prospects of the habitable region along the western edge of this continent which has since become part of the United States.

Undoubtedly it would be a pleasure to make the overland trip on horseback, if all the travelers of a season would stick together so as to afford each other mutual protection from the plains' Indians. Money, after the purchase of horses and equipment, was of little use, though of relatively high value. Food could be secured by the use of the rifle, water was free and plentiful, even on the desert, while the stars made an excellent covering beneath which to sleep soundly. Thus were the physical wants of man easily satisfied;—the really

necessary qualities for such a journey were a mind strongly set upon going and perfect "trust in the God of heaven." Both of these spiritual qualities were the possession of old Joseph Williams in very large measure, as the reader will presently learn.

An eager interest in the western-facing shore beyond the Stoney Mountains, as the great chain of the Rockies was at first called, had long been characteristic of the residents of the Mississippi Valley. Before, and during the Revolution, French and Spanish merchants of old St. Louis conducted a trade with the Missouri River Indians and heard from them about the mountain region. Thomas Jefferson dreamt of the exploration and the possible future acquisition of territory in that direction, years before the population of his country had reached the Mississippi River, which was the new Republic's western boundary.

In 1803 President Jefferson found the opportunity to fulfill his dreams. By the purchase of Louisiana he accomplished the large expansion of the United States; just how large was a matter of conjecture, but at the time of little importance. General William Clark, leader of the most important of the several expeditions sent by the President to explore the new territory, was directed to proceed up the Missouri, cross the mountains to Oregon, and seek a water communication with the Pacific. The Lewis and Clark expedition could not find any route practicable for such communication, nor did the Indians know of any. It was Ramsay Crooks, director of the private enterprise supported by John Jacob Astor, who discovered in

1813 a practicable route of communication across the mountains, but it was not a water route. Washington Irving, in his book "Astoria," has placed the history of that brave attempt to found a base for American trade upon the Pacific, among our literary and scholarly classics for all time. Whether or not the overland Astorians were the actual discoverers of the famed South Pass, through the continental divide, is an academic question. Their important contribution to knowledge of the far west was the fact that the route they followed presented no obstruction to wagon travel and was the shortest as well.* When regular communication overland became an accomplished fact, wagons drawn by horses or oxen were the means of travel. The route used by the emigrant was almost the same as that of the Astorians, which is now approximately paralleled by the Union Pacific-Oregon Short Line Railway systems. It was with one of the earliest of the wagon parties that our friend Joseph Williams traveled through mountains, which a companion described as so high and rugged that "no person could ever believe that wagons ever passed these huge eminences of nature, did he not witness it with his own eyes."†

The fur traders developed the highway and made safe the passage for the missionaries and occasional adventure-seeking persons who crossed the Rocky Mountains in the decade before 1840. The people of St. Louis, where General Clark and

*Brackenridge, H. M. Views of Louisiana, (Pittsburg, 1814), p. 298.

†Bidwell, John. Trip to California 1841, (n. p. n. d.) p. 9.

Ramsay Crooks lived, maintained a lively interest in the Pacific Coast and its development from the time of the early explorations through all the period of the mountain fur trade. They saw in the Overland highway that led from their door-steps a route by which the trade and wealth of India, China and all the storied Orient might some day be brought to their city. Reliable information about Oregon was, therefore, of importance to the Missourians, and the manner in which they obtained it will be evident to the reader of this narrative.

Those who consider the cost and difficulty of modern transportation may smile at the marvelous unconcern of these people regarding the distance or the means of communication. But the smile will quickly fade when we realize that Joseph Williams in his sixty-fourth year started out alone to cross the prairies with not much else than his faith in God. Strange! yet he fulfilled the prediction of a missionary of just five years before that "the time may not be far distant, when trips will be made across the continent, as they have been made to Niagara Falls, to see nature's wonders."*

A word must be said about the "Oregon territory," to which our elderly friend journeyed. In 1841 it was not a territory of the United States in the legal sense of the term. Rather it was a geographical expression covering a vast extent of country west of the Rocky Mountains, north from the California border to the Russian possessions in

*Parker, Rev. Samuel. Journal of an Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains, (Ithaca, 1838), p. 73.

Alaska,—a region now embraced in the political subdivisions of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and parts of Wyoming, Montana and British Columbia. Its discovery, even now, after the patient researches of many historical scholars, is largely a matter of conjecture. Its full exploration was the work of private individuals, the fur traders of many nationalities who exploited its natural resources before civilized governments laid any claim to sovereignty over the rich and varied region.

Under the firm and far-seeing guidance of John Quincy Adams, when that gentleman was Secretary of State, Spain and Russia were eliminated as claimants to the Oregon territory, and the issue of political sovereignty squarely joined with Great Britain, whose real interests in that part of the world were nearly equal to those of the United States. As it was found impossible to agree upon a compromise whereby the territory could be equally divided, a convention permitting the joint occupancy and commercial use of the whole, by the nationals of both countries was entered into in 1818. This allowed the fur traders to carry on their business pending a time when agricultural development, requiring the definition of real property rights, should compel the settlement of the questions of sovereignty and boundary west of the Rocky Mountains.

Under the joint occupancy convention between 1818 and 1846 the Hudson's Bay Company, one of the old British companies chartered for the purpose of exploiting the wealth of distant lands, be-

came so firmly established in Oregon that American traders were never able to offer successful rivalry. The company did an extensive business in all the region which is now the Dominion of Canada; and, by using the navigable Columbia River, maintained as regular communication with Montreal and their posts on Hudson's Bay as they did with London by the sea. At their principal Oregon post, Fort Vancouver, a hundred miles from the mouth of the Columbia, Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor for the country west of the Rockies, entertained occasional American traders who came on horseback from St. Louis, but he never permitted them to gain a foothold in the Oregon territory. Here also he supplied American missionaries, who came to Christianize the Indians, with whatever was necessary for founding missions.

The mission stations of the great desert hinterland, east of the Cascade Mountains, were supported by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The much larger enterprise of the Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church was located in the rich agricultural lands to the west of these mountains. This latter mission, organized in 1834 by the Rev. Jason Lee, and considerably reinforced from time to time, is the object of many comments by our traveler who had himself been an itinerant preacher of the Church. It is not known whether or not these observations of Joseph Williams came to the notice of the Mission Board, which in 1844 recalled Jason Lee as superintendent; but under the Rev. George Gary who superseded him in 1844 "all that was secular,

and not essential to the prosecution of the mission, was promptly divorced from the spiritual," as the historian of the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church has said.* Williams visited this mission at an important crisis in its development, namely, when it was changing from an Indian mission to one adapted to the spiritual leadership of a mixed international settlement, which shortly became wholly American in character. Therefore his views relative to the activities of his spiritual brethren should be of serious interest to those recent historians of the mission who have found very little first hand information covering this period.

Father Pierre Jean de Smet, S. J., one of the party which crossed the plains in 1841, was at the threshold of a long life of devoted service to the Rocky Mountain Indians which has made his name notable among missionaries. From his letters we gain a description of Joseph Williams, which throws a strong light upon the zeal that drove our traveler into the furthermost part of America. "His zeal frequently induced him to dispute with us," writes the Jesuit. "It was not difficult to show him that his ideas, with the exception of one, were vague and fluctuating. He acknowledged it himself; but after having wandered from point to point, he always returned to his favorite tenet, which, according to him, was the fundamental principle of all true belief: 'that the love of God is the first of duties, and to inculcate it we must be tolerant.' This was his strongest point of support,

*Strickland, Rev. W. P. History of the Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, (Cincinnati, 1850), p. 145.

the foundation of all his reasoning, and the stimulus of his zeal."* This zeal, which compelled the author of this narrative to preach as well as travel, is precisely the characteristic which lifts his personality from the commonplace and colors with interesting and vivid light all that he sees and tells us of the country and its inhabitants. However, this is not the only merit of his pamphlet.

Joseph Williams entered upon this long journey at the very outset of the great emigrant movement, which peopled California and Oregon with agricultural settlers from the Mississippi Valley. Later the discovery of gold drew a horde of the picturesque characters of Bret Harte into the far west; but the pioneers were of a different quality.

In 1841 the first band of emigrants set out from the Missouri border for California and Oregon. It was a small emigration, which has been overshadowed in written history by the much larger party of two years later (1843). This latter emigration was the first to enlarge the trail from Fort Hall to the Columbia River into a wagon road, and it has often been considered as the opening of the emigrant movement. In reality, however, it was but the full flowering of that spirit which the pioneers of 1841 first translated into action,—the desire to plant a colony of American farmers on the Pacific Coast.

The pioneers were the men who sought, not adventure, but homes across the mountains; the men

*De Smet, p. 1—Letters and Sketches: with a narrative of a year's residence among the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains, (Philadelphia, 1843), p. 97.

who traveled with wife and children, household goods and household gods in the white-topped wagons. These men were essaying the great adventure of treading out the long overland highway. These were the men and women who were to found the American commonwealths on the Pacific, and the first of them were the companions of Joseph Williams.

The intense beauty of the country through which they traveled attracted these pioneers as strongly as it has their children of the present generation. They wrote of their emotions in the same exalted phrases. There was more than one high divide to be traversed, while occasionally great bluffs which shut in the valleys must be crossed. "But the pleasing view we had from their top, just as the sun was going to sleep behind the western mountains, paid us for all our trouble. A most beautiful landscape presented itself to view, the rugged summits of almost every shape were fantastically pictured upon the sky, bounding the western horizon, a beautiful lake was seen to the south, whose surface was fancifully mottled with numerous islands, while the river meandered proudly through the valley among willows and scattering cotton-woods, till it disappeared among the hills in the shades of evening."* These words which describe a tributary of the Great Salt Lake, the Bear River valley, show that the beauty of the western mountains and deserts was as strong an attraction to the restless pioneers, as the much talked of wonders of nature

*Bidwell, J. Op. cit. p. 9.

which were to be seen along the route. Most of the wonders are still to be found described in the railway guide book, but usually the limited passes at night, or they lie too far from the line to be seen to advantage.

There is but a single copy of John Bidwell's record entitled, "Trip to California, 1841," known at this time. It is part of the famous Bancroft collection in the Library of the University of California. Bidwell became a well-known person in the state he helped to found, and wrote in later years several engaging reminiscences of pioneer days which appeared in the Century Magazine for 1890-1891 (Vol. XIX, N. S.). Father De Smet, the only other traveler with the emigration of 1841, whose impressions are known to scholars, published a volume of "Letters and Sketches" (Philadelphia, 1843). Oddly enough, these three writers, —De Smet, Bidwell, and Williams, separated before they had traversed two-thirds of the journey, to pursue their routes toward different goals. De Smet turned north at Fort Hall to join the Flathead Indians on the upper waters of the Columbia; Bidwell left the party on Bear River to traverse the deserts west of Salt Lake and find his way across the Sierra Nevada to the open Sacramento valley; while Williams, with about twenty-five others, made his way over the Snake River desert and Blue Mountains to the Oregon settlements near the mouth of the Willamette River. Thus our record of this most important emigration is complete.

Joseph Williams' narrative of his trip to Ore-

gon was privately printed in Cincinnati in 1843—that is a year before the cry of "54° 40′ or fight," became a political catchword, and the movement for the expansion of the United States, which was directed by James K. Polk when he became president, had taken shape. In fact it appeared just at the time when discussion of the long slumbering question of sovereignty over Oregon was renewed between the United States and Great Britain. From its extreme rarity it is just to say that the book is now published for the first time. Only two copies of the book are known today:—one is in the private collection of Mr. Henry R. Wagner of Berkeley, California, while the other is in the Library of the New York Historical Society, to which the writer of this preface is indebted for permission to make a photostat copy.

The book is important, not only because it is practically unknown even to collectors, but because of the light it throws upon some mooted points of historical interest, which are not purely academic. Writers of Oregon history have sought light upon the degree of difficulty experienced by those earliest pioneers who enlarged the overland pack-horse trail into the long wagon road of the emigrants; here is one who assisted in that task and who tells us just how much their travel was delayed thereby. The question of the obstacles thrown in the way of emigrants from the States by the agents of the great English fur monopoly, the Hudson's Bay Company, in this, the opening years of the movement, is another of those mooted points, upon which this narrator throws a clear light. In

this connection, however, it is necessary to say that his opinion of the company's chief factor, Dr. John McLoughlin, is not generally shared by others who knew him at the time. Of the various missions, especially the Methodist, their personnel and their work in behalf of the Indians, our elderly friend has much to say. It must be remembered that until the coming of the great migration of 1843, these missionaries were the principal representatives of American citizenship in the Oregon Territory. To the usually high character of that citizenship, in the relations of individuals one to another in this land beyond the territorial jurisdiction of their government, Joseph Williams gives eloquent testimony, for he was sensitive to all that related to the spiritual side of life. Moreover, he points out the diversity of interest among the four classes of whites who then inhabited the far Northwest, and who gave to its society that "happy" tone, which still makes Oregon so desirable a place wherein to live.

Williams did not overlook some of the distinctive features of primitive society among the natives, though his remarks are somewhat colored by his sense of the "depravity of the heathen." Especially does he praise the wealth and progress of those Indians who inhabited the great interior basin of the Columbia, which he visited in the autumn and again in the spring season. He saw its possibilities for future development by men of his own kind;—"we traveled through rich plains, and the mountains lay on our right hand, covered with pine trees. All through this country good

mill sites abound." One of these spots, the great plain on the east of Salt Lake, which Williams thought well adapted for settlement was selected only three years after by the Mormons, when they were compelled to leave Missouri and Illinois to seek a new and lonely home across the distant mountains. Surely, this man, whose attention was so earnestly fixed upon the dominant interests of life—the propagation of the faith and the cultivation of the soil, may be called the Prophet of the Inland Empire. He possessed also a certain journalistic instinct, as appears from the number of rather sordid happenings, which he recounts in great detail.

Sportsmen and all lovers of nature's beauty who have traveled the high passes of the Rocky Mountains in the present state of Colorado may find an interest in the account of how the old preacher, with three or four companions, negotiated these rough and dangerous mountain trails. Many difficulties he surmounted and not a few were such as would hinder hardier men; yet he complains very little of his discomforts, and is more discouraged by the "wickedness" of his companions than all the hardship to which he was subjected. Those were days of good hunting—bear and buffalo, antelope and elk.

Through turning from the main Oregon route by which he had traveled west, our friend on his return journey saw nearly all the posts or forts of the fur traders in this wide mountain district. Most interesting of all is his visit to the Indian Pueblo of Taos, where the hunters often wintered.

The Mexicans never succeeded in greatly altering its people's way of living, and it remains today a quaint and lovely mecca of a society of artists, who seek there that earthy inspiration which is so nearly the font of artistic life. Joseph Williams describes its life in considerable and sympathetic detail, especially in such things as touched the productivity of the soil and the means of its cultivation.

It will not surprise the reader to know that once back in St. Louis our friend was hospitably entertained by William Sublette, the most important partner of the old Rocky Mountain Fur Company, whose business and social relations reached westward to Oregon and eastward to England. Here, too, he met Col. Thomas Hart Benton, Missouri's foremost Senator, who represented western interests in the federal government during thirty years. It was well that they met, for the one had information of value to impart, while the other took a leading part in the political and international question which soon developed over the status of the Oregon territory.

Nor will the reader be surprised to learn that our hardy friend, now sixty-six years of age, left the party with which he returned across the plains, to conclude his journey as it had begun—alone, with the God in whom he had put his trust. It would be difficult for one to bear stronger witness to his faith, or the power of the Lord.

JAMES C. BELL, JR.

NARRATIVE

OF A TOUR

FROM THE STATE OF INDIANA

TO THE

OREGON TERRITORY

IN THE YEARS 1841-2

BY JOSEPH WILLIAMS

CINCINNATI:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

J. B. Wilson, Printer
1843

PREFACE.

At the earnest request of my friends, I have consented to publish an account of my journey, from my residence in the state of Indiana, to the Oregon Territory. The information contained in my Narrative may be of great interest to those who may contemplate emigrating to that region, or such as may wish to explore the vast west to the Pacific Ocean.

I have given my own views of the country beyond the Rocky Mountains; and, although they may not agree in every particular with the opinions set forth by other travelers, yet I have tried to follow the best convictions of my own mind, produced by personal observation, and the best information I could obtain from the inhabitants on the ground. As to the correctness of my opinions, I leave that for others to judge. It will be easily perceived that I am not practiced in the art of book-making; but as I have stated *facts,* in my own plain way, without any attempt to embellish my style, I hope the reader will be satisfied. It is probable that errors will be discovered in the *orthography* of proper names; having no standard authorities at hand, by which to correct my spelling of them. In most cases, I have given those names according to

the usual pronunciation of them by the inhabitants of that region.

I am a native of Cumberland county, Pennsylvania; was raised in Virginia; am now in my sixty-sixth year; and that I should be conducted in safety, and be sustained through all dangers and fatigues of so long a journey, at my advanced age, is matter of unfeigned gratitude to that God who "preserveth man and beast."

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

TOUR TO OREGON TERRITORY

April 26th, 1841. This morning I started from my residence, near Napoleon, Ripley county, Indiana, for the Oregon Territory, on the Columbia River, west of the Rocky Mountains; though many of my friends tried to dissuade me from going, telling me of the many dangers and difficulties I should have to go through, exposed to hostile Indians and the wild beasts, and also on account of my advanced age, being at this time in my 64th year. But my mind leads me strongly to go; I want to preach to the people there, and also to the Indians, as well as to see the country. I try to put my trust in the God of heaven, who rules the earth, and seas, and mountains, and the savage tribes, and all the wild beasts of the forest, and the storms, and all the poisonous vapors of the earth and air; who preserves all who put their trust in him. My soul seems wholly resigned to his will in all things, whether to live or die, to prosper or suffer. All is right that the Lord doeth; why then should we fear? So I bade my children and friends farewell, not knowing that I should ever see them again in this world. Lord, keep us near thee!

That night I reached the neighborhood of St.

Omer, on the Flat Rock Creek. The next night I staid at brother Rector's; and the next day, soon after I started, the rain began to fall in torrents—the coldness of the wind and rain rendered me very uncomfortable. This day I passed through Indianapolis, and that night staid at Bridgeport. Next morning I started very early, the cold west wind blowing in my face, and at night reached brother Messer's, in Putnam county. Next day attended to some temporal business, and rested my horse. On Sunday, went to hear brother Belotte preach, at the brick meeting-house; and in the afternoon, tried to preach myself from Ephesians v, 14: "Awake, thou that sleepest." Staid that night at brother Clearwater's, and enjoyed myself very well. Next day traveled twenty-eight miles, and staid at brother Daniel Dickenson's, a Methodist preacher. That same day, had a short controversy with a Campbellite preacher on baptism. Next day, passed through Terrehaute, staid at a class-leader's, having traveled thirty-three miles that day. Next day, passed several small towns. Preached at Woodbury that night, on the waters of Embarrass River, in Illinois. Staid with Mr. Needham, where I slept comfortably, and rose happy in the morning. This dear people want religion; O that the Lord would breathe on them his Spirit's influence, and make them Christians! Next day rode thirty-three miles, and staid at Mr. Guy's. He seems much of a gentleman, and his wife a kind-hearted Methodist. Next morning, started out in the rain, and rode to Jacob Tinker's, where I dined and fed my horse, and felt very comfortably.

Started on, and passed through Vandalia, and met a very solemn procession, going to bury one of their respectable citizens. That night staid at brother Wollard's, and enjoyed myself very well. He is a Methodist traveling preacher. Next day rode to brother Miles', and the day following went to hear brother Wollard preach, and exhorted after him. We had a very good class meeting. There was some difficulty in the Church to settle, which was soon done. That night I tried to preach at brother Gorman's, and met some old acquaintances from Indiana. Next day traveled thirty miles, staid at brother Hadley's, in the American Bottom; enjoyed myself very well. Next day crossed the Mississippi River at St. Louis, in company with brother Joseph Oglesby.

Here I learned that the company which I expected to join was broken up. I then went on to try to overtake the company that had previously started from Independence, in Missouri; rode twenty-three miles, and that night staid at Alexander Ove's, near Baldwin. After I laid down, and before I got to sleep, I was called up to go and pray for a woman that was dying; but when I got there, her husband was not willing that I should pray with her. I then returned back to my bed. Here they treated me very kindly. Next day reached Union, where I staid with Dr. Chids; preached that night from Ephesians iv, 5: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." I had some liberty in preaching, and the people paid good attention, and behaved well. Next day I traveled over high, poor, barren and stony hills, and staid at Mr.

M'Afee's; endeavored to get a preaching place, but the people seemed indifferent about it, so I gave it up. These looked like poor, distressed people. Next morning crossed Gasconade River, and afterwards the Osage River. Here I was mortified to find that I had expended all my money, and had to sell a pair of saddle-bags for two dollars. Staid that night with Esquire Price. Still traveling over poor hills, I passed next day through Jefferson City. Here I once more saw the Missouri River, preached that night at brother Michael Barger's, to a small congregation, mostly Baptists. They invited me to come back, which I promised to do. Next day had a tedious travel over the wide and rich prairies, and in the evening passed through Georgetown, and missed my way; but reached the house of a fine old man and woman, who were not religious, but treated me very kindly, and charged me to call on them as I returned. Next day traveled through the rich prairies, and reached Warrensburg, in Johnson county. I went to brother Brown's, and asked him if he would let a Methodist preacher preach there that night. He told me there was an appointment made there already for the circuit preacher, who asked me to preach in his place. I did so; we had a comfortable and sociable time. Next day I rode to brother M'Kine's, a Methodist preacher, where I received information that the company at Independence, which was going to the Mountains, had already started ten days before. I then went on to Independence the next day, and preached there that night, from Ephesians iv, 5: "One Lord, one faith, one bap-

tism," which caused some of the people to stare at me. Here brother Ford and brother Pertee earnestly remonstrated against my proceeding any farther, telling me that I never would be able to encounter the difficulties.

I rode over, the next morning, to Westport, and finding the company were all gone, and no possibility of overtaking them, with much pain of mind I gave up going any farther, and knew not what to do. I then rode across to the Shawnee mission, three miles from Westport, across the Missouri line, and there I met brother Greene, presiding elder, who told me the company, about four days previous, was eighty miles ahead of me, on the Caw River. I said within myself, surely the Lord is opening my way to go on. I began to get ready to go on, but could not get half prepared. Bought some powder and lead, and some provision and a gun, but was disappointed in getting my gun. My feelings were much harrowed up with the brethren trying to discourage me, and keep me from going to the Mountains. One of the preachers told me it was almost presumptuous for so old a man as I to attempt such a hazardous journey, and added, that he had awful feelings for me through the last night; and he said, so had some of the rest. Mr. Greene said there was a *possibility* of my returning, but not a probability.

I started out on Saturday, with brother Johnson, a missionary, and two Indian chiefs of the Caw tribe. We reached, that night, Wakloosa Creek, and camped under the trees. Brother Johnson cooked supper, and we had cakes and coffee. We

laid down to sleep; the thunder and lightning could be heard and seen, and the wind began to blow. I was somewhat alarmed, for fear of the trees falling on us. The rain soon began, and the wind ceased. Then I soon fell asleep, and rested well and comfortably. I arose next morning happy; bless the Lord, O my soul; praise him who takes care of us in the desert!

This day we traveled through extensive rolling prairies, with some few skirts of timber. We rode forty-five miles that day, and reached brother Johnson's mission. Brother and sister Johnson furnished me with provision, and every thing that I needed, and offered to do any thing that they could for me. Brother Johnson has died since, and I doubt not, has gone to heaven to reap his reward. I shall never forget their kindness to me. Next morning I started, in company with Mr. Brensill. When we came to the Caw River, the Indians said we could cross it. We entered in, and the water ran over our horses' backs, and I got my provisions wet. We inquired of the Indians, and they told us the company was ahead about four days' journey, and they gave me directions and how to find their trail. I rode about seven miles. I was then alone, about 9 o'clock; and being about to pass through the territory occupied by the Pawnee tribe, I thought of what they told me about being robbed or killed, and put my whip to my horse. Passing through a small thicket of woods, I saw a pishamore lying near the trail, and lit down to get it, when I saw that there was an Indian's pack, that I concluded was laid there to decoy me.

I then sprang upon my horse, gave him the whip, and rode till dark. This day traveled about forty miles, and came to a willow thicket; tied my horse with a long rope, laid down, and slept till next morning, nothing breaking the silence of the night but a few bull-frogs. I arose and returned to the road, and saw some fresh horse tracks that had been made during the night, I supposed by the Indians, who had been following me. The Caws (or Kauzas) told me that the Pawnees were a bad nation, and that they had a battle with them; that they had their women and children hid in a thicket, whom they (the Pawnees) slaughtered in a barbarous manner. I can hardly describe my feelings as I was traveling alone, up Caw (or Kauzas) River. Pursuing my journey that day, I tried to give myself up to the Lord. I could scarcely follow the wagon tracks, the ground was so hard in the prairie. I had almost concluded, at last, to turn back, and got down on my knees, and asked the Lord whether I should do so or not. These words came to my mind: "The Lord shall be with thee, and no hand shall harm thee." I then renewed my resolution to go on in the name of the Lord, believing that all would be well, and that I should, in the end, return safely home. I went cheerfully for some time; but was occasionally perplexed with doubts. About an hour before sunset, I got down off my horse, and prayed again. God renewed the promise, and I got up and started on, refreshed in spirit, and with renewed courage, thinking all would be well; and instead of sleeping in the prairie, I got to an encampment where there was fire,

and plenty of wood, and good water, and I praised God with all my heart. I roasted my meat, sweetened some water, and, with my biscuits, made a hearty supper; laid down by my fire, and slept well and comfortably till morning. A little dog that the company had left, kept around the camp, barking and howling.

Next morning I arose quite happy in my soul, and said, "My God hath preserved me hitherto, and now God has answered my prayer." I then ate my breakfast and started, happy in my soul. I crossed the Vermillion Creek, and arose on the rolling prairie. I shouted some hours over these beautiful plains. No fear nor trouble came near me, for God had given me so many glorious promises, that I could not doubt or fear for a moment. Not an Indian appeared that day. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I saw the company about four miles ahead, but soon lost sight of them again; and coming to the place where the company had stopped to eat dinner, I alighted, and let my horse feed awhile. At this place, as the company afterwards told me, about two hundred Indians had been seen only an hour before. They had sometimes hung on the rear of the company, and had made some show of attacking those who lingered behind the main body. Awhile before, they had robbed four men of all they had, stripped them naked, and left them in the open prairies to perish before they could get to the white settlements. The company said it was ninety-nine chances to one that I escaped the hands of the Indians, for they had been seen all along where I had come. Surely a wise God controlled the heath-

ens, and protected me; for as I came along the day before, I found a piece of a buffalo robe in the trail, which I thought some of the company had dropped, but after I had put it on my saddle, I saw on the other side of the road a skin bag, full of something, which I then knew was an Indian bag. I then rode on as fast as I could till evening, when I took up my lodging. O how good the Lord is; let all the world with me praise him. Praise him, O my soul; for I trusted in him, and he has preserved me. How good it is to converse with the Lord. The company seemed glad that I had made my escape. The company consisted of about fifty. The greater part were bound for California; a few only for Oregon. There was about twenty wagons belonging to the expedition, drawn by oxen. One of the company was a Catholic priest, a Mr. de Smidt, who was extremely kind to me, and invited me to come and eat supper with him that night, and next morning brought me some venison. He appeared to be a very fine man. I was invited to sing by a woman, and then to pray. I did so.

May 27th. We marched on through plains. 28th. Saw two antelopes, the first I ever saw of those animals. We traveled three hundred miles up the Caw River from Westport, on the west line of the Missouri, all the way through prairies, which seem almost to have no end. On Sunday, 30th, I had a thought of trying to preach to the company. There were some as wicked people among them as I ever saw in all my life. There was some reluctance shown by the captain of the company; others wanted me to preach to them. Part of this Sabbath day was a happy time to me. My soul was drawn

out to God, for he was with me, though in the midst of an ignorant and hard-hearted people. The men killed several antelopes, and saw some elks. On Monday, the 31st, we left the Blue (or Blue Earth) River, a fork of Caw River, and traveled over to the Platte River. We passed the Pawnee towns the next day, about six miles to the north of us. We then turned more to the southwest, and camped on Platte River that night. We had two Methodists in company with us. Col. Bartleson had been a Methodist, but is now a backslider. Our leader, Fitzpatrick, is a wicked, worldly man, and is much opposed to missionaries going among the Indians. He has some intelligence, but is deistical in his principles. At 2 o'clock, commenced a most tremendous bad storm, with wind, which blew down most of the tents, accompanied with rain and lightning and thunder almost all night. I slept but little, the ground being all covered with water. That night, dreadful oaths were heard all over the camp ground. O the wickedness of the wicked.

On this night I was called upon to marry a couple of young people belonging to our company, without law or license, for we were a long way from the United States. Perhaps this was the first marriage in all these plains, among white people.

Next morning we continued up the Platte River. This river is said to be about sixteen hundred miles long, and is here about one-fourth of a mile wide, and very muddy. The Indians call it Elk River. It empties into the Missouri, a few miles below Council Bluff. The Caw River is said to be about seven hundred miles long. It empties into the Missouri River, at the west line of the

state of Missouri. On Thursday, we traveled through the most level plains I ever saw in my life. Here is such a scenery of beauty as is seldom witnessed. The Platte plains are lower than the banks. There are bluffs all along here, for four or five miles. The next day there came on a tremendous storm of rain, wind, and thunder, which lasted about an hour and a half. We traveled up the river, and encamped all night where wood was very scarce, and hard to be got, and we made our fires of some willow bushes. On Friday evening the company had a terrible alarm. One of our hunters, who was in the rear, was robbed of all he had by the Indians. They struck him with their ram-rods, and he ran from them. Soon a war party of the Sioux Indians appeared in view. We soon collected together in order of battle, to be ready in case of an attack. The Indians stood awhile and looked at us, and probably thinking that "the better part of valor is discretion," they soon showed signs of peace. Captain Fitzpatrick then went to them, and talked with them, for he was acquainted with them. They then gave back all that they had taken from the young man, and our men gave them some tobacco, and they smoked the pipe of peace.

The next morning we continued up this river, along smooth banks, without any timber. That afternoon we had a very severe hail storm, accompanied with thunder; one Indian was knocked down with a hail stone, about as large as a goose egg. We soon discovered a water spout, which came down into the river. When it struck the river

it made a great foam, and then passed off in a dreadful tornado. The next day we saw six flat-bottomed boats coming down, loaded with buffalo robes and skins. The poor fellows in the boats looked very dirty and ragged. We now began to see plenty of buffalo signs; all the way previous, game had been scarce. Here we had not very good water to drink, having to use the muddy water of the Platte River. On Sunday, we staid where we had tolerably good water. Companies of Indians still came into our camp to trade with us.

The bluffs here are getting larger and higher and wider from the river. These plains are covered all over with buffalo bones and skulls. I long to get out of these plains to where we can get plenty of good water and wood. I am still weary of hearing so much swearing by the wicked white men. On Monday night, we had another hard storm of rain, hail, and thunder. These beautiful bluffs look, in some places, like magnificent buildings.

JUNE 1st. We had storms all the time. Sunday, 7th. Our hunters killed an elk, for the first time. On Wednesday, they killed three buffaloes. The Indians still continued to travel with us. This night we were threatened with another thunder storm, but it passed off without much rain. Our hunters killed some more buffaloes, and we then had plenty of meat. It is thought that the Platte plains here are several feet below the surface of the water. The river banks are very low, but never overflow. Some small cedars grow on the top of the bluffs. The bluffs get larger and higher as we

ascend the river. Monday morning we began to make ready to cross the south fork of Platte River. This fork is about one-fourth of a mile wide, with sandy bottom; some places the wagons nearly swam. We got across with some difficulty, but not much danger. There were seven or eight buffaloes seen coming up with our oxen; our hunters shot one of them. Some more were seen with the other oxen. They seemed to form an attachment to each other. Thursday, we traveled up the north side of the south fork. Here we saw thousands of buffalo, all along the plains. Our hunters shot down one bull; they thought it unnecessary to kill any more. Here we saw packs of wolves, which followed them. This morning there was a great alarm given that the Indians had driven off some of the oxen, and our men went in pursuit of them, and brought them back. One man said he saw an Indian, and shot at him, but some did not believe him. All this time, I had to stand guard every fourth night. The Indians still come to trade with us. Here we have nothing to make our fires but buffalo manure. This morning a large buffalo bull came near us, when we were marching along and seemed regardless of the bullets; but after fifteen or twenty were shot at him, he fell. We started across to the north fork, about two miles to the northwest, and then traveled about twenty miles up the river; staid there on Saturday night. Here an awful circumstance took place: A young man by the name of Shotwell, shot himself accidentally, and died in about two hours afterwards. I was called upon,

by his comrades, to preach his funeral, which I did. The death of this young man caused some seriousness in his comrades for a few days. On Sunday evening, we went up the river about eight miles, to the mouth of Ash Creek, and staid there one day and two nights. We then traveled up through the bluffs and bald hills, the weather still cold and windy. Nothing grows here but some willow bushes on the banks. The plains are poor and broken. Many curious shapes and forms may be seen among the bluffs. Some abrupt elevations look like houses, with steeples to them. One we saw sixteen or eighteen miles ahead of us, which resembled a house with the chimney in the middle of it; or like a funnel, with the small end uppermost, and covering about two acres of ground. The chimney part is about one hundred feet high, and about thirty feet square. We passed an old fort below the mouth of the Larrimee River; and crossing that river, we went up to a new fort that they were building, called Fort Johns. Here is a mixture of people; some white, some half breeds, some French. Here is plenty of talk about their damnation, but none about their salvation; and I thought of the words of David, "Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwelt in the tents of Kedar." Here we came in sight of the Black Hills. We have now buffalo meat in abundance, which they cut up in slices, and dry in the sun. I never experienced colder weather for the time of year, now late in June. The people here appear healthier than at any other place in the country. The white people have Indian women for their

wives. There are two Forts here, about one mile apart, and another about one hundred and fifty miles south. I tried to preach twice to these people, but with little effect. Some of them said they had not heard preaching for twelve years.

Leaving the Fort, we soon entered the Black Hills. Traveling up the Larrimee River, we had plenty of good wood and water, and felt ourselves much refreshed, thanks be to God. I am now getting well used to eating buffalo meat.

JULY 1st. We crossed the north fork with difficulty, and in the passage had a mule drowned. Buffaloes and bears are very plenty, and our hunters shot them down all around, so that we had good fat meat in abundance. All this country is still very poor and the timber small—cotton wood and willow. Few Indians to be seen; some mixed breeds are with Mr. de Smidt, going on to the Columbia River to the Catholic mission. Here grow a great many wild shrubs, with wild sage and grease-wood, resembling young pine, with which the bald hills are covered. It is seldom eaten by any kind of animal. Here we have the Black Hills upon our left. The third day of the month, we left the Platte and went on to the Sweet River, a branch of the Platte, which heads up in the mountains. We are now supposed to be in north latitude 41°. The streams of water are very good. I notice here large quantities of something like glauber salts. It looks like white frost. This country is thought to be extremely healthy.

JULY 4th. Came in sight of the Big Horn (or Wind River) Mountain. The next day we passed

the Red Bluffs, and at night reached the Independence Rock, on Sweet River, at which a company celebrated the 4th of July, 1838. Next night (Sunday) I proposed having prayers; several of the wicked class came up. Near this, we passed a place where the whole river runs through a narrow channel, or sluice in the rocks. This night we have the sound of the violin, but not much dancing. "Woe unto the wicked; for they shall have their reward." Our company is mostly composed of Universalists and deists. Here is an almost solid rock, like a mountain, on the right side of Sweet River. Buffaloes and antelopes are very plenty in this region. Driving through dry, rough plains, we try to get to the creeks to obtain grazing for our animals. We are now in the neighborhood of the Crow nation of Indians, who are peaceable. We have this morning again come in sight of the Wind River Mountain. Its summit is still spotted with snow.

JULY 10TH. At night we were cold. I could not keep warm, although I had a buffalo robe to cover me. It is said here, that the ground is sometimes frozen in August an inch deep. Today we traveled over some high, bald hills; dined on good fat buffalo, that our hunters had just killed. We went over on Sweet River, and dried our meat for the remaining part of our journey, where we expected not to find any more game. We are still in sight of the big Wind Mountain; for it may be seen at the distance of seventy or eighty miles. For hundreds of miles we have to pass over barren ground. I went out with the hunters to bring in meat to dry, and we soon killed a buffalo, which Mr. Jones and

myself loaded our animals with, and started back to camp, I acting as pilot. We struck too high on the creek, and such places for rocks and hills and cliffs I never traveled over before. We arrived home just after dark. The next day we came in sight of the Sweet River Mountain. Its peaks were tolerably well whitened with snow. There are some white bears in these mountains, but we have not killed any yet. There are also some white wolves, about as white as sheep. They are a dull, sleepy looking animal, and very surly; not very mindful of any thing, nor much afraid. They are about the size of a common wolf. 16th, July. We are engaged in drying our meat for crossing the mountains. This morning we had a very great frost, and some ice. We are still in sight of the Sweet River Mountain.

Today, we lay by for the arrival of the Snake Indians to come and trade for our articles, and a man was sent to tell them to come. Today, Col. Bartleson gave some of our deists a down-setting, which pleased me very well. We moved about three miles up the river, to get better grazing ground for our animals. This river is very beautiful; clear, running water, fine springs all along; no timber, soil poor and barren. Sunday, 18th. We lodged on Little Sandy Creek, a beautiful stream. 19th. We stand on Big Sandy Creek. These two creeks run into Green River, a branch of the Colorado River.

We have now just crossed the ridge between the Green River and the Missouri. All these mountains that we have been traveling through, are spurs of

the Rocky Mountains, whose peaks are covered with eternal snow. Although the mountains are spotted with snow, yet the plains are very hot and sultry. Today, we saw some white, grizzly bears, and killed some mountain sheep, the horns of which are as thick as a man's leg, and about two feet long; but they have no wool upon them, and are not much larger than our common sheep. Friday, 23rd. We lay on Green River bottom, where we fell in with Mr. Frap, who was on a hunting expedition. This man, with nine or ten of his company, was afterwards killed in a skirmish with the Sioux Indians. His company was mostly composed of half breeds, French, and Dutch, and all sorts of people collected together in the mountains, and were a wicked, swearing company of men. Here sugar sold for $1.50 per pound; powder and lead from $1.50 to $2.50 per pound. While here, a wedding took place in our company, between Mr. Richard Fillan and a Mrs. Gray, who had left her husband in Missouri. They were married by Mr. de Smidt, the Catholic priest. Six of our company left us and returned to the United States. Leaving Mr. Frap's company, we continued our journey down Green River. On Sabbath we have nothing but swearing, fishing, etc. Here I gave myself up to God, determined to serve him better than ever. 27th. We encamped on Black's fork. We are now among the Snake nation and Flat Head Indians. These latter are like other Indians, but their heads have been clamped up in a box while infants. We traveled about ten miles a day, much impeded by the thickets of sage and grease-wood.

Here we find the little prairie dogs. They are about the size of the fox squirrel, and of a brownish color. They are in shape like a little dog with short tails. Here we also find other small animals, about the size of the ground squirrel. They all live, as it were, in towns, burrowed in the ground. These little animals appear to visit one another, from the appearance of their paths from one burrow to another. Their houses are covered up; and when they see travelers, they run to their holes. The sage hen is found here also. They are somewhat less than the turkey hen, and are supposed to live on the sage leaves. They are not very good to eat.

JULY 28th. On Ham's fork of Green River. One of our wagons broke down today. 30th. We traveled across the barren hills towards Bear River. This was a hot, sultry day; yet we could see snow on the Eutaw Mountains, on the head waters of the Colorado River. Next night we lay on Black's fork. August 1st. At night I tried to preach to the deists and swearers. Some of them seemed angry, but I thought I cleared my conscience. Next day we traveled through hills and bad roads till we came to Bear River, which runs into Big Salt Lake. Here we rested, and waited for the Snake Indians to come and trade with us. The Bear River bottoms are beautiful to look at, but not rich, and have no timber. On each side of the river are high, naked bluffs, in some places like small mountains; and in the valleys, large springs of beautiful cold water abound. Farther on, we found tolerably good lands, and beautiful small creeks, having good mill sites. Some few pines are growing along these

bluffs. This day I felt weak from living on dry buffalo meat, without bread. Sunday, 8th. We rested. The employment is still fishing and hunting, and such swearing I never heard in my life before. God will surely punish these swearers. Still we find large beautiful streams coming down from the mountains, whose sides are covered with pine trees. Fish are plenty in all these streams. A fine settlement might be formed along this river.

We next came to the soda springs. These springs seem to boil like a pot of water; but there is no heat in them, except one, that is just on the bank of the river, which is built in the form of a crawfish hole, about three feet high, formed a sediment thrown up by the water, which spouts about three feet high every quarter of a minute. There is an air hole near it that makes a noise like a steamboat, but not so loud. This water is something similar to the artificial soda water. Some of these springs are situated in the bottom of the river, and occasion an ebullition on the surface. This water is somewhat purgative, and is thought by some to possess medical qualities, which may hereafter make it a place of great resort by invalids and others. This place looks as if it might once have been a great volcano. There is something like lava that has been thrown out of a hole, and lies some inches thick on the ground. Around it is a fine country of rich land, good fresh water, healthy, and a very mild climate. Some of the sediment is of a red color, and the stones have the appearance of pumice.

Here our hunters killed a pelican, as white as

snow, and its legs and feet like those of a goose. Its bill is about eighteen inches long, and it has a pouch under its jaw that will hold about three pints. The pelican is about six feet long, its tail short, the flesh coarse, and not very good to eat. This day we parted with some of our company. They went down the Bear River in order to go to California. There was some division and strife among us about going; some who set out for California changed their minds to go to the Columbia. Those who went to California, (as I afterwards learned) were much perplexed about getting through, as they had no regular guide; and were forced to kill some of their animals, to save themselves from perishing with hunger. They passed the Big Salt Lake. At this Lake, abundance of salt is made by evaporation in the sun.

We turned off from the Bear River, and struck over on to the waters of Snake River. Next morning we started down one of its branches, but found that we could not get along with the wagons. We therefore turned back again, and staid near where we encamped the night before. The next day we continued on up, and fell over on Snake River, at Fort Hall. Here the Flat Heads met the Catholic priest, who, with his little company, left us, and turned to the right to go to the Flat Head tribes, where he had a mission. I felt sorry when we parted with him. After we had got some provisions, and the men had exchanged their wagons for horses, we pursued our journey. Our company is now going with Mr. Armington, who is our captain. We passed the Ponock Indians. They seemed

to show some dislike to us. Our captain said, if they were not for peace, they would not come openly to us. Here news came to us that about two hundred Sioux had attacked Frap's company, mentioned in a former part of my narrative. We now started on down the Snake River. We have now beautiful plains to travel through. At Fort Hall, we had to give one dollar a pint for flour. Fort Hall is a beautiful place, in a handsome part of the country.

AUGUST 21st. Went down the Snake River. Here are half breeds, and Indians, and French, and Wyhees, all together. We staid at the American Falls, on Snake River, where we took breakfast. These falls afford beautiful scenery, and are heard to a great distance. We traveled over some tremendous bad roads; and on the 21st, we passed the Salmon Falls on Lewis River. A large company of the root diggers live here, in little lodges made of willow bushes and grass. Here they catch thousands of salmon. These, with the roots they dig, constitute their food. Their little lodges were lined with fish, of which we bought plenty to do us. We now fared well on fish, and I have recruited my strength of body. Our captain, Armington, is one of the most liberal, freehearted men in this country. He has shown us a great deal of kindness, though far from being a religious man. 28th. We crossed the river, which was deep and dangerous, and continued down it. The Snake Indians are now with us, and want to sell us fish, and trade horses. We have tremendous rough roads, and it is very dangerous

traveling up and down the rocky hills. We passed two hot springs, where we saw some iron ore.

SEPTEMBER 1st. We reached Fort Bois. Timber grows along the Bois, principally cotton wood. There are some flour and Indian meal to be sold here; seven pounds of flour for a dollar—mountain price! Here we rested two days. Our captain is a very profane man, which seems to give fresh spring to our swearers. The first night we staid at Fort Bois, I lay on the bank of the river, where I could scarcely sleep for the Indians, who sung all night in a very curious manner. This is their practice when they are gambling. The poor things were almost naked. The salmon also kept a great noise, jumping and splashing about in the water. We now started for Wallawalla, over hills and rough roads. We don't see any timber, scarcely, except a few pines. We passed some more hot springs today, and traveled some very dangerous roads. 8th. We came to Gunpowder River, a small stream. The next day we staid on a pleasant plain, where beautiful springs come down from the spurs of the Blue Mountains. We staid on the Grand Round, a beautiful plain, about twenty miles long and ten broad. It is well calculated for farming, and well watered. Here we pass some beautiful pines, spruce, and fir trees. After crossing the mountain, we staid at the foot of it, on the margin of a small creek. We had some frost this morning. Next day we traveled over the hills, and got into the rich prairies; camped on the Umatilla River, where we saw a variety of fruits, black haws and brown cherries; and trees like the balm of Gilead, with pods and

gum on them. The Indians brought some good, sweet roots to sell us. We traveled on, and got to Dr. Whiteman's and Mr. Gray's, on the Wallawalla, where the Presbyterian mission is located. These were kind, friendly people. We heard the Doctor hold a meeting on Sunday, in a well-behaved congregation of Indians. I tried to preach to them myself that day. Here we had all kinds of garden vegetables, which they gave to us very freely.

On Wednesday following we left the mission, and traveled on down the Wallawalla about twenty-five miles, and reached the Fort at the mouth thereof, on the Columbia River. We continued down the Columbia River on a very dangerous road, on the side of hills, where, if a horse should stumble, he would fall two hundred feet down into the river. We traveled through large white sand banks, and passed the falls, where the Indians catch great quantities of fish. We staid among these Indians awhile. They seem very religious. We prayed together, and gave them some bread. They sung and prayed before they ate, and then returned thanks afterwards. At this place, some of our Methodist missionaries had preached. We crossed a small river below the falls, where, while we stopped to let our animals graze, we had some of our articles stolen by the Indians. We passed the "Dalles," or Narrows, where the Columbia River is contracted to not more than twenty yards wide. Around this place the Indians are numerous.

Shortly after this, we arrived at the Methodist

mission, where brother Daniel Lee, brother Perkins, brother Brewer, and their families, are stationed. They are making some progress among the Indians. I was truly glad to see a Methodist house, and see the Methodist people once more. They were very good to us, and supplied us with provisions, free of charge. I was often invited to eat with them, but not to sleep in the house. I tried to preach to them one night, and had a very good time. After resting three days, we left them, and traveled on with four men and one family. We passed two mountains—Mount St. Helena and Mount Hood. The tops of these mountains are covered with perpetual snow, and may be seen for one hundred miles. We lodged on a large creek, in company with some Indians. The Indians requested me to hold prayers with them, which I did. From thence we struck through to the falls of the Willamette River. On our way, we passed through the thickest wood I ever saw in my life, mostly spruce, pith pine, and fir trees. In these thickets it is almost like night in mid-day, so dense is the forest of large and heavy topped trees. The high hills, logs, and mud-holes, made our travel very difficult, and even dangerous. There were a woman and three children in company with us, while we lay out two nights in the rain. I had a buffalo rug for a tent cloth. Here are some of the largest trees I ever saw in my life; some of them are supposed to be two hundred and fifty feet high. One tree, which I measured, was thirty feet in circumference. We passed a number of large water-falls, affording

great water power for mills. There are also a great many fine, cold springs.

After traveling eight days of a wearisome journey, we reached the Methodist mission, at the Falls of the Willamette River, where brother Wilson and brother Waller are missionaries. Here I lay out under the saplings in the woods, and slept but little on account of the fleas. Mr. Moore, from Missouri, came and staid with me. Some young men who were building a ship, came and supplied us with provision. On the 9th, we arrived at the beautiful plains of Willamette, where we staid with Mr. Hubbard, who was married to an Indian woman, as are all the white men in this country, excepting the missionaries. He used us very well, and charged us nothing. Today, I traveled up the river among the beautiful plains, and had a view of Mt. Jefferson and Mt. M'Laughlin, the tops of which are elevated above the clouds, covered with snow, and may, I think, be seen one hundred miles; as may also some other mountains in this region. I rode to Jason Lee's station, the first he built after going there, and gave him a bundle of papers that were sent to him. Here are several missionaries. Next day I rode to brother Judson's missionary station, where they have built a grist and saw-mill, and are doing a very good business for themselves. I remained awhile at brother Judson's and brother Ouley's, where I enjoyed myself very well, and became acquainted with brother Holeman and brother Hines, and brother Campbell. They and their families seemed very friendly. I then returned to Lees' old station, and staid at

brother Raymond's, who gave me some small presents. I went to hear brother Lasley (one of the missionaries) preach on Sunday. He preached a cold, formal sermon. In the afternoon, I tried to preach to them. We had but a small congregation, all dull and flat. I said within myself, "I fear the world, and speculation, has too much influence over these missionaries." It is in vain for men to come to this country to teach the Indians the way of salvation, and be so indifferent themselves. I said, "O Lord, turn away the captivity of Zion, and send faithful laborers into the vineyard, to teach the way of salvation to the heathen." These Indians are of the Callapooyan tribe, and the missionaries have as yet learned but little of their language. They have no regular school here at this time, but are making preparations to build a house at the upper station, but none here. Nor are there any converted Indians here. I believe there have been three or four that were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but there are none now; and no Indian society at all on the Willamette. They say that the Roman Catholics tried to hinder their influence in this country. The Catholics have a majority of the French and Indians. I was often asked by the Indians to go to their camps and hold prayer meetings with them. I fell in company with brother Frost, one of the missionaries who live at the mouth of the Columbia River, among the Chenook Indians. I told him I had a mind to go down there with him; and I started in a canoe down the Willamette River, in company with some Chenook Indians. We lay out two nights before we reached

the Falls. One night it rained upon us. We reached the Falls, and staid there one night. Brother Waller preached to a few of the Klackamus Indians, and brother Frost exhorted and I exhorted through an interpreter. These men preached in the "jargon," (a language or dialect taken from all the tribes) but did not altogether understand the language used by the natives. Brother Waller and myself went down to the mouth of the Klackamus River to preach to the Indians; but with little effect. Here is the place where the Roman Catholics hold their meetings. That night tried to preach to a few whites, but with little effect. I did not now sleep in the woods as I did before, being in company with brother Frost.

Next day we started down to Fort Vancouver, which we reached in two days. Here I met with Mr. Littlejohn, and concluded to go with him to Qualitine Plains, as he was about moving, and was to start that night, or the next morning. So I brought up my baggage to the house where Littlejohn was staying, and with his consent put them in there, without asking leave of Mr. M'Laughlin, the proprietor. Immediately after, Mr. M'Laughlin, came into the house, looking very angry; he asked me if I had any recommendation to him. I told him I had not. He then told me he could not receive me. I showed him my credentials as a preacher in the Methodist Church, but he cared not for these. I then asked him to let my articles lay a few hours in his room, but it was not granted. He is an ill-natured, old Roman Catholic. I went down to the river and staid with some people who were going

to travel with me. Next day we went down to the mouth of the Willamette River, then went up it in a canoe, and laid on the bank. Next day I went on foot across the mountain, in company with Samuel Kelsey. Climbing over the mountains and traversing the plains, fatigued me; and by so overheating myself, it gave me the chills and fevers for near a week.

October 29th. Wet weather is setting in, and it continues until the 1st of April, and then it is dry all summer. Not much corn can be raised here. Good wheat, oats, barley, onions, potatoes, beets, carrots, peas, beans, turnips, carrots, etc., grow very well here. These prairies afford fine grazing; for on them, horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, will be as fat in the winter as in the summer. The streams all abound with salmon. The tide-water comes up to the Falls. There are several fishing places along these rivers; plenty of springs of clear, good, and cold water. The best portion of the country lies in the valleys along the streams. Elk, bear, and deer are found in the mountains. The people dwelling on the plain are subject to the chills and fevers. I soon recovered, though, from this disease, and began to try to preach to the people at this place, where there are but ten or twelve families.

Here I met with brother and sister Carter, who are excellent people, and were kind to me. Sister Carter is a true believer in Christ. I then staid a few weeks with Mr. Kelsey, who was one of our company from the United States. I built a house on an improved piece of land, to live in by myself; but I soon found it would not do. Mr. Kelsey and

his wife were very poor, though kind. These times passed very unpleasantly. I attended the preaching of Mr. Griffin, a Presbyterian missionary from the east. He showed me no friendship at all. Sometimes I would exhort after he was done, asking the leave of the people; but he would leave the house. He soon lost the good will of the people. They seemed desirous that I should preach to them. I felt my heart much pained to see the coldness of the preachers, and the low state of religion. I got word from Willamette to return there. So I started back, in company with brother and sister Carter, and brother Abert. The waters being very deep, we had to cross on logs and swim our animals. We lay out that night in the woods. Next morning started early, and reached the Falls of the Willamette, at brother Waller's and brother Wilson's. Passed a waste cabin, where I had laid out a few nights before, hunting horses. I tarried at the Falls of the Willamette, waiting for a passage up the river. I tried to labor in picking brush and clearing, for brother Waller; but could not do much at it.

Here Satan much disturbed my peace. I was much plagued with needless fears and distress of mind, looking back to my family. Nearly three thousand miles from my home, my clothes beginning to get thread-bare; somewhat affected with the rheumatism; my money almost gone; my brethren seeming to look coldly and indifferently at me; all combined to depress me in spirits. I attended, with brother Waller, some Indian meetings, and tried to preach to the white people. I prayed

mightily to God to deliver me from all my needless fears, and from all sin. On New Year's day, I started in company with some Frenchmen, up the Willamette, in a canoe. This rapid stream is very dangerous to navigate above the Falls. Some canoes had been overset here; but the Lord preserved us. I had given my name, and the name of the place where I lived, to brother Waller; so that in case I should be drowned or die, he might write home to my family. I came to our landing place, and then I had to walk about fifteen miles through the water and mud. It was sometime in the night before I reached Mr. Roe's, where I staid that night, and next morning started on foot for the Methodist mission, with my saddle-bags on my back. I traveled all day in the wet, and at night missed my way; and coming to a water about a hundred yards wide, I feared to enter in. I hallooed, and a Frenchman rode across to me, and I followed after him. The water was about knee-deep. I got to Mr. Jennings, a French Catholic, who was very kind and friendly to me. I was very wet and cold. This day's traveling caused me to lay by nearly all the winter with the rheumatism. I this night felt happy in God, to think he had brought me safely so far, it being now January 6, 1842. Next day, Sunday, I got to the Methodist mission, and heard brother Parish preach. Their meetings still seem cold and flat. At night, I attended prayer meeting. I do not feel well, either in body or soul. My only prayer is, that God would give me victory over myself, that I may be wholly given up to him. I told the missionaries they might do much more

for the Indians than they were doing, as they had no schools, and very few meetings for the Indians, and at some stations, no preaching to them at all. I soon fell under their displeasure. They examined me about my authority to preach; I showed them my credentials. They asked me if I had no recent recommendation from the elder or circuit preacher. I told them I had not. Then, said they, we cannot receive you as a preacher. But this did not shut up my way; for I had plenty of friends to preach to, without these few individuals. These dear people, who are sent to preach to the Indians, I fear have either lost the spirit of their station, or else never had it.

I went to brother Lasley's, and staid a week; although the old man is, in his own way, very stiff, and rigid, and self-conceited. He was very kind and obliging, however, to me. Brother Jason Lee came in, and staid all night. We had considerable talk about the state of the mission. He told me that I knew but little about the state of the mission, as I was only a stranger passing through the country; and counseled me not to state any thing about them, except what I knew. I replied, that I should state only what I knew, and what I had good reason to believe. "At this time," said he, "we are preparing to erect a very large building, for the purpose of teaching the Indian children." I believe that it is brother Lee's intention to do good for the heathen; but it seems he has a great deal of business on hand, which seems a hindrance to the work of religion. They have had some kind of a school heretofore, but I believe not to much purpose.

These people are so scattered up and down in the mountains and valleys, that it seems hard to make much progress; and in the summer, they are all out digging roots and hunting. And in this scattered situation it is hard to keep up any kind of a society, until the young ones are informed by schools, and get to farming, and become a more settled people; and until our missionaries succeed in this work, I fear there will be but little good done towards religion; for while they live in their old Indian habits, they will not live up to any kind of discipline. They are a poor, indigent, and distressed people.

In conversation with brother O'Neal, he tells me that the white people live without any forms of law; but in general are very honorable in paying their debts, and give notes and bonds. They have no sheriffs, constables, fees, nor taxes to pay. They profess to be very hospitable to strangers, and kind to one another. No breaking each other up for debts. Here are no distilleries, no drunkenness, nor much swearing. They seem, indeed, to be a very happy people. They have large droves of horses and cattle, who graze on the green grass all winter; and there is no other cost or trouble to raise stock, than to keep them from going wild. The greater part of our American mountain men, and some of their Indian women, have joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and are good citizens. In this country there are about four classes of people: 1st. The Hudson Bay Company, mostly Canadians. 2d. The New England missionaries. 3rd. The French farmers, mostly Catholics. 4th. The mountain men, who have settled along the

Willamette River. At Vancouver, they keep a large quantity of goods, which they sell very cheap. English ships come in about twice a year. They belong to the Hudson Bay Company, and exchange their goods for beaver, and other skins, flour, beef, and pork. There was lately a very serious circumstance took place, with a man named Monger, one of the mechanics of the Presbyterian mission, who considered that he was a great prophet; and said that if he were to burn himself to death, God would raise him up again. To test the truth of what he said, he went into a shop, by himself, where he made a great fire, and then hauled out the coals, and laid down upon them. His wife being in another part of the house, heard him making a great noise, and ran into the room, and found him struggling in the pangs of death. She, with the help of some others, got him out of the fire. He, then saw his dreadful delusion, and prayed to the Lord to forgive him. He lived three days after this, and then expired. He had always appeared to be a sincere man, and we hope that the Lord heard his prayer and forgave him. How careful ought Christians to be to shun the delusions of the devil!

The Roman Catholics here appear to be buying the good will of the people by presents, and, I believe, are trying to get the control of the Indians. I fear our missionaries are too scornful toward the poor, naked Indians; indeed, too much so with all the poor people.

JANUARY 25th. I offered a few thoughts on justification and redemption in their class-room. My mind is a good deal troubled about the difficulties

of my returning home. These words came very forcibly to my mind: "Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." These were great words of joy and comfort to my soul. I could not for a moment doubt the promise of God. Why am I not more resigned to suffer all things that come upon me?

Next Sabbath I went out to Mr. Rowe's, about sixteen miles, to preach; but the appointment had fell through. Went that night to Dr. Bailey's, and returned next day to the mission. My knees became very painful with rheumatism. I went to brother Abernathy's who used me very well. I then went around among the people; but had very hard and dry times. O, why is "the god of this world" so much reverenced? Why is it that these missionaries, who are sent here to convert the Indians, cannot find any time to do it? These poor, tawny sons of the forest, wandering about with no kind shepherd to watch over them, are often driven from door to door. They look dirty and filthy, which does not suit the delicate feelings of the people. They are often heard to pray for the Indians, yet they do but little for them. "But we intend," say they, "when we get better fixed, to do something for them;" and some of them say, "We ought to have higher salaries, and then we could do more for them. But we must take good care of our own household, for 'charity begins at home.'" One Indian said, "What did white men come here for, if they could not bear with poor Indian? Why do they not try more to learn us the good book?" They often reply, "We will do something when we get

ready." These poor Indians almost starve for something to eat, which causes them to steal, and then they often get whipped for it. The poor things know but little about farming, and their game is nearly gone. I know not what the consequence will be. They have great complaints against the white people, seeing they know not what plan to fall upon to make their living, and the white people are killing all their game.

I staid a few days at brother Holeman's and tried to shave shingles three or four days, but it hurt my knees so much that I had to quit it. I then tried the cross-cut saw three or four days, but this also hurt my knees so that I could not stand it. Brother M'Cadden, brother Hines, and his wife, and brother Campbell and his wife, gave me some articles of clothing, which were very acceptable. I hope the Lord will reward them. Here I saw a scene of distress which shocked me. There came a company of poor, starved Indians through the mud, and finding an old horse of Jason Lee's which had died, they cut him up, and carried him off with joyful looks and glad hearts, although the carcass was so stinking that we could hardly come near it, and the hogs and dogs had been eating at it.

I will now give a short account of the missions in Oregon:

First. The highest up is the Catholic mission, on the Columbia River. Mr. de Smidt, and two other priests, are stationed there. They have baptized a great many; six hundred the first winter, and a great many more since. Mr. Blancet, on the

Willamette, has a great many French and Canadians.

Second. The Presbyterian mission—Dr. Whiteman's and Mr. Gray's. They have a respectable congregation of Indians; yet they have had some trouble, and have had their lives threatened by the Indians. They have begun a very good farm, and the past summer, raised about six hundred bushels of wheat, and a small crop of corn; about one hundred bushels of all kinds of melons, pumpkins, cucumbers. All kinds of vegetation seem to grow well. Some timber and beautiful plains all about, and a small mill. The natives are mostly of the Skyuse Indians. They are making small progress in farming. Mr. Spaulding, on the Snake River, among the Nezperees, is doing well, and is learning the Indians to farm; and his wife is learning the women to spin and weave. They have begun to raise flocks of sheep. Mr. Walker and Mr. Smith are missionaries, some distance apart, and are trying to teach the Indians. Next is Mr. Griffin, at the Qualitine Plains; but he is not doing any thing.

Third. Is the Methodist missions. The first is Mr. Frost, at the mouth of the Columbia River, among the Chenooks and Klackamus Indians, below Fort George; but there is nothing doing there for the Indians. Brother Cohen, one of the preachers, has left there.

Fourth. In the care of Dr. Richmond, on the other side of the Columbia, at the Puget Sound, among the Nisqually Indians; who, it is said, have chiefly left there.

Fifth. The station at the Falls of Willamette,

where brother Waller is the preacher, and brother Wilson the mechanic. These are of the Klackamus Indians. Brother Waller preaches almost every Sabbath, but seems to do but little good. There is no society there. They say that the Roman Catholic priests prejudice the minds of the Indians against them. Brother Waller and brother Wilson are very much enthralled in working and trading, and have but little time to do any thing for the Indians. Perhaps times may soon alter.

Sixth. At the Dalles, or Narrows, on the Columbia River. Brother Daniel Lee and brother Perkins, preachers, and brother Brewer, farmer. They have had a great many under their influence, and some souls have been converted. They have a tolerably good society. Brother Lee and brother Perkins seem very diligent in traveling round, and preaching, and I believe are faithful men. They were assisted by a blacksliding preacher (Mr. Wright), who was reclaimed amongst them, and the Lord blessed his labors in that place. They are about building a log house to preach in. They have got a small farm, and raise some wheat, and made about four hundred bushels of potatoes this summer. This is a very hilly place, but healthy. Good salmon, and other fish, in abundance.

Seventh. Brother Jason Lee's, on the Willamette River, surrounded with beautiful plains. They are among the Callapooyan Indians. They have considerable business going on, and own herds of cattle. Their mission cattle number about three hundred head. It is somewhat sickly here. Mr. Jason Lee is the superintendent, and brother

Lasley and brother Hinds the itinerant preachers. Brother Lee has lost his second wife, and brother Laslie his first. Brother Shepphard died. Brother Parish, is a blacksmith and preacher; brother Babcock, doctor and class-leader; brother Abernathy, store-keeper; Mr. Raymond and Mr. Bears, farmers; brother Whitcomb, very sickly, and not able to do any thing. They have about two hundred acres of land under cultivation, and hire Indians to work for them. They live in good, warm log houses, and have plenty to live on, and live well; have as good horses to ride as any men in this country, and generally ride according to the customs of this country—that is, go in a full gallop; and they dress as well as any other set of gentlemen in the Oregon Territory. In this station there are neither Indian schools nor Indian meetings this winter. The Indians appear to be getting a little shy of them, and distant. The French farmers and French Catholics accuse them of being too unfriendly to strangers, and the poor. Brother Babcock told me they were willing to receive me as a man, but not as a preacher, because I had not a recent recommendation from the presiding elder. Truly, I did not look much like a preacher; for after traveling three thousand miles, my old linsey coat looked very shabby. But many of the people about there said, if I had worn as fine a coat as Dr. Babcock, I would have been very well received. I felt contented; but was very sorry to see some of them so high-minded, and doing so little in the cause of God, and fear they have lost the spirit of their station, and have turned their

attention too much to speculation. I leave this to be determined in the day of judgment; but fear the bad example of some here will do great hurt to the heathen.

Eighth. The new station at the mill, nine miles above the old station, on the Willamette River, situated on a delightful plain, beautifully studded with green groves of fir trees, and having a creek running through it, with a grist-mill and a saw-mill, which supplies the country all around with grinding and lumber. Here we see herds of cattle grazing on the plains. Brother Jason Lee is superintendent of the whole. Brother Judson, preacher and mechanic, who labors very hard, has charge of the mills. Brother Auley, preacher and mechanic, also labors hard, with a number of hired men, working at the school-house. They are about building a large seminary, which, if completed and properly conducted, may be of great service. Here brother Lee has held some Indian meetings, in a small shantee near the mill. I attended with him at some of the meetings, and the Indians behaved very well. Some others and myself exhorted after him. Brother Campbell is class-leader, and brother Hinds sometimes meets the children in another shantee. Here, I thought, there were too many missionaries living in one place. It may be brother Lee is right in keeping them all together, but I thought differently. Brother Lasley and brother Hinds stay too much at home, and only preach sometimes on Sunday. I have not seen any Indians converted here, nor do I know of any.

I was now about beginning to fit up for my re-

turn to the States, it being the 1st of March. This seemed a long and tedious winter to me. Brother Sutton, brother Campbell, and brother Judson, drew up a small subscription, and made up plenty to supply me on the road. Brother M'Cadden and brother Larrison gave orders to Dr. Whiteman to give me two horses on the head of Wallawalla River. A few nights before I started, I staid with old Mr. Jervais, a Frenchman. He gave me a detailed account of the Indians, who, he said, were rapidly diminishing in number, and wasting away, on that side of the Mountain. He had lived here most of his time for thirty years. He says more of the Indians have died within ten or fifteen years past, than formerly, and that he has known three thousand to die in two years on the Sacramento and Maries Rivers, and in other places in the Oregon, mostly with the ague and fever and venereal diseases; together with the effects of exposure to the wet weather, and for the want of food. Sometimes, he says, he has seen whole lodges of them lying dead together, the little infants sucking the breasts of their dead mothers, and no one to do anything for them; that he has known them to kill and eat their own children, when almost starved, and has known an Indian to choke his little child to death, because it was cross, and hindered its mother from digging roots, which are their chief food. A Frenchman told me that he knew three Indians to kill eleven men, women and children, and live on their flesh all winter! and they showed him their scaffold, on which they had dried their flesh! Those three men, he said, looked fat and well. Those

poor, wicked, and degraded creatures, seem as if destined to destruction. They are always at war with one another, and sell their prisoners for slaves, as the white people of our slave states sell the negroes. What a monster is man in his natural state, without cultivation, or religion!

Those Callapooyans, on the Willamette River, appear to be a lazy and degraded people. All the rivers between the Willamette and California, are mostly settled with uncultivated people. On the Ambakaw River there are beautiful plains, which may make handsome farms. The Yamhill River also affords a beautiful prospect, south of the Willamette. All along here, the country is settled with Indians.

April 3d. I attended sacrament among the missionaries. It looked like a cold, lonesome time. I took but little part with them, but wished them all well in my heart; although sorry to see such a cold, indifferent spirit among them. Tuesday, I started down the river in a canoe, in company with Jason Lee, Lasley, Rogers and Ross, and two Indians. This day it rained on us all day, and it was a very cold rain. We staid with Charles Ross that night, on the bank of the river. The next day we had a pleasant time to sail, and reached the Falls that night. I tried to preach that night at brother Hathaway's, from Luke xii, 21: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." Brother Lee and brother Lasley exhorted after me. I think some good impressions were made on the minds of the people. The next morning, soon after we started, the rain began to fall, accompanied with high wind. We

soon found ourselves wet and cold; and the river being very rough, we stopped about 2 o'clock and camped under some fir trees. The next morning we started, and reached Vancouver about 11 o'clock, and camped on the bank of the river. Here brothers Lasley, and Lee, and Clark, and Rogers, went and lodged with Dr. M'Laughlin, the great rich man, who had refused on a former occasion to receive me. Here I staid in company with Ross, and some Indians, with the property, at the camp. It was very cold, rainy, and windy, and I was invited to the house of a Scotchman, who kept a hospital near our camp, and was well provided for by Dr. Douglass, one of the Hudson Bay Company. I felt well resigned to the will of God, whether to be exalted or abased.

Mr. Laslie preached at M'Laughlin's on Sunday. He tried to tower very high before the nobility, but seemed to have little power to his preaching. Mr. Lee exhorted after him. The old doctor M'Laughlin, attended meeting with his Catholic brethren, in another place. He appears to have the uncontrolled sway of all the people around the place and the Fort, mostly Canadians, French and Indians. His hirelings he calls his servants; and they all appear to have to stay with him until he gives them a discharge. He is a wicked old sinner. Our Methodist missionaries seem very much at home with him, and he seems somewhat kind to them, I suppose for self-interest. He is very wealthy, and belongs to the English company. We staid nearly ten days, expecting a ship, which we thought had some letters for Jason

Lee; but started a few hours before the ship came in. But we heard the roaring of the cannon, as a signal that the ship was coming in. We lay that night about ten miles from Vancouver, on the bank of the river. The next day was the Sabbath, and we lay by. On Monday, 22d of April, we started up the river, passed a place called Cape Horn, and some high, large cliffs, like pyramids. It rained and snowed on us all along the hills. On Wednesday we passed the Cascades. In two places we had to carry our canoes and baggage about half a mile, through the large, rough rocks and mud, along the bank of the river. While we were busy doing so, the Indians stole some of our articles. All night we lay in the wet and cold, the rain still continuing on us. We had a sort of tent-cloth, which did but little good. We kindled a fire next morning, cooked breakfast, made some coffee, and it seemed to nourish us. This morning we heard a tremendous rumbling, like thunder, but found it was the rocks falling from the cliffs.

This day we passed some very dangerous places on our route, where several people had been drowned. Here Mr. Lasley showed us a place where he and his company had been overset; but fortunately, all were saved but one child. The wind blew fair, and we hoisted sail, and went up the river very fast. The waves run very high, and sometimes ran over the sides of our canoe. The next day we reached the Dalles, or Narrows. Here we held some meetings, and I felt at liberty to enjoy myself among Christians. I tried to preach to them, and exhort. These kind people used us

very well, and seemed full of zeal for the cause of God. Here the Indians, also, seem to have religion. Brother Lee and brother Perkins seemed to be doing much good. On Sunday night I proposed taking the parting hand at a prayer meeting, and to bid them farewell in public. Brother Jason Lee, brother Lasley, and brother Rogers rose up and opposed it, yet could assign no reason why; but said, we are all determined to meet in heaven, without giving each other our hands; and said further, that their prayer meeting was not quite over, which I thought was very imprudent in them. They hurt some feelings by it. I told Mr. Lee the next morning that I thought he acted very imprudently. He had been too full of vain talk while coming up the river. That day we parted; and Ross, Rogers, and myself, with some Indians, pursued our journey, leaving the others at the Dalles. We hired some Indians, with their horses, to carry us up to Dr. Whiteman's. That day we were in sight of Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helena, whose tops were covered with snow. We reached De Shutz River after dark, and it was too deep to cross that night. It rained on us almost all night. Next morning we arose, wet and cold. The Indians soon came and helped us over, and swam our horses across by the side of their little tottering canoes, for which we gave them some tobacco, and continued our journey in the rain. Came to the Johndays River. It was very deep and full, and we crossed in the Indian's little canoe, and swam our horses as before. That night we camped on the bank of the Columbia River. Next morning came to the Uma-

tilla River. It was also very full, occasioned by the rain, and the melting of the snow. The Indians helped us across, as formerly, and we paid them in tobacco. These Indians are the Umatilla's. About twenty of them staid with us part of the night, and I sung and prayed with them, and exhorted them to turn to the Lord and seek for religion. A young Indian by the name of Elijah, a son of one of the chiefs, who could talk some English, had obtained religion, and was my interpreter. He exhorted them some himself. They seemed to be much affected, and were very friendly. Next day we bought some fish of them, and starting on, passed the Wallawalla; and late at night we reached some Indian encampments, where we lodged with, and bought some venison of them. Next day we traveled over some high, rich prairies, and saw some beautiful droves of Indian horses; and that night reached the Presbyterian mission, where Dr. Whiteman and Mr. Gray live.

Here we spent two weeks, waiting for Mr. Grant and his company. I lodged with Mr. Gray, my old friend, who was very kind to me, as was also his wife. Next Sabbath I tried to preach to the people here. I bless the Lord for opening my way by good friends.

May 4th. Coming in at the door of Mr. Gray's house, an Indian within was fixing the lock of his gun, when it went off, just as I was stepping up before the muzzle of it, which I did not see. I had just made a short pause, which saved me from being shot through the head. I bless the Lord for his mercy, in protecting me from this sudden death.

This evening, Mr. Edward Rogers arrived, to go with us to the United States. We are now but three in number; but I hope the Lord will open our way. We are dreading the high waters, in consequence of the snow melting in the mountains. Here we see the Indians, both men and women, out in the plains and mountains digging roots, to dry for food for themselves. But some of them are beginning to make little farms, and raise wheat. Mr. Walker and another missionary, with their families, have arrived at Dr. Whiteman's, having come about one hundred and eighty miles to hold an annual meeting. They galloped out, about four or five miles into the plains, to amuse themselves. They had with them a coarse violin, which was poor music on Sunday. They read two sermons, which was all the preaching that was done. They appeared very dull in religion; and I cannot hear them say that they have any Indian converts.

The Indians have no ceremonies in their marriages. When the young woman makes the match, the young man gives her a horse, and her father gives her one also. This ratifies the bargain between the two young people. They must also have the consent of the chief of that tribe; then they are considered man and wife. Among other tribes it is somewhat different. When a young man of the Shiennes marries a young woman, all of her sisters are counted his wives. On the 17th of May we started, after having completed our outfit. Each of us had one pack-horse with provision. Mr. Gray offered to furnish me with every thing I needed, without charging me a cent. Mr. Cornelius

Rogers also offered to help me; but I thanked him, telling him that Mr. Gray had fully equipped me. Mr. Rogers, however, was very helpful to me. We went on seven miles that day, and waited for Mr. Grant; for he had lost twenty-one of his pack-horses, and was detained hunting them. Next night we joined company with him on Horse Creek. His company was composed of French, and Indians, and half breeds, mostly Roman Catholics. There are some beautiful prairies about here, but no timber except on the creeks, where there was some cotton wood. A beautiful creek runs through these plains. This place is very healthy, and well calculated for raising horses, cattle, and sheep. They say that on the head of the Wallawalla, in this country, the ewes will have their lambs twice a year, and young heifers, sixteen months old, will have calves. Cattle and horses need no feeding in the winter.

Next day we crossed the Umatilla River, and passed the farm where the young chief lives. Here is good land, beautifully diversified with low hills. The Indians are beginning to make small farms. The chief has a handsome place, and a tolerably good house. We camped about six miles from the Umatilla River. All the way along, we could see the snow upon the Blue Mountains, which lay on our left hand. Here we passed some of the prettiest gangs and bands of horses I ever saw in my life, belonging to the Indians. Some of the Indians own four or five hundred head. All the plains and valleys are covered with green grass to within a few yards of the snow, which covers the moun-

tains. 22d. We ascended to the top of one of the spurs of the Blue Mountains, where we passed some snow drifts, and descended among the beautiful pine trees. We lay that night on a beautiful plain, where we had good grazing for our horses, and plenty of wood, and good water. We had a heavy frost, and some ice, that morning. That day being Sunday, I requested Mr. Grant to rest; but he said he had got so far behind-hand that he was obliged to go on. On Monday night we reached the Grand Round. This is a beautiful valley, all covered with green grass. The mountains around it are covered with snow. Here the pine grows on the mountains, but none in the plains. This is on the waters of the Snake River. On Tuesday night, we lay on the waters of Powder River. There is plenty of good land all around us, and good water. Next day we traveled through rich plains, and the mountains lay on our right hand, covered with pine trees. All through this country, good mill-seats abound. We had deep waters to cross all along, caused by the melting of the snow on the mountains. We passed some banks of snow that were three feet deep. We had rain that day; and at night lay on a branch of the Powder River. We had plenty of cold water to drink, and plenty of timber to make our fires. Here I heard it thunder, for the first of any consequence since last June. We crossed the main Powder River, and passed through some rich land, with good water, and large plains. It rained on us that day also. We camped that night on a small branch of Bruly River, and next day we traveled over rough ridges and hills.

JUNE 1st. We stopped on Snake River, at Fort Bois. This day I heard some dreadful oaths from Mr. Grant, about some threats which he had heard from Mr. Bridger, one of the American Fur Company, against Fort Hall; and respecting some goods which had been stolen by Mr. Bridger's company from the Hudson Bay Company.

We are now detained on Snake River. I feel very unpleasant in my present situation, on account of the noise of the French and Indians. The French are all married to Indian women. We started on up the Snake River, where we were tormented with mosquitoes, and almost stifled with dust; and when chopping some wood, I struck the tomahawk into my shin-bone, and it bled very copiously. Mr. Grant soon came up, and applied some medicine to it, which stopped the blood, and it got well in a few days. Here I had the charge of three horses (one pack-horse) and my gun to carry, which was very fatiguing to me. My situation seems unpleasant; for, instead of being in the pulpit on the Sabbath day, I am packing my gun on my back, and driving my horses before me. I feel much worn-out and tired. My eyes were almost ruined with the dust. Mr. Grant gave me a piece of a green silk veil, which he tore from his own. This I put over my eyes, and found it to be a great help to me. Mr. Grant has been very kind to me, although he is subject to intoxication. After leaving Fort Bois, we crossed Wyhee River, and so continued up Snake River.

Here an unhappy circumstance occurred with an Indian woman. Her husband had three wives,

and had turned her away and took another in her place. At night she put on her best clothes, made some small arrangements, and took a rope and hung herself upon the corner of a high rock. Her mother passing by saw her hanging, apparently dead, and soon cut her down. Mr. Grant was immediately sent for. He bled her, and gave her some medicine, and she came to again. She could not speak for some days. What villians these men are, that act so cruelly toward their women.

All along up this river we could see snow on the mountains, while we were suffering with heat in the plains. Here we passed by the Trois Butes, which were on our right hand. We hear some unfavorable news about the hostility of the Indians between here and the United States, and we have no assurance of company farther than Fort Hall, except one man besides ourselves, making four in all; but I am determined to persevere, unless my way is completely stopped up, and trust that God will protect me, and open the way for my return—though it looks dark and gloomy, through lonesome hills and valleys, and over mountains which reach almost to the clouds, and across waters, deep and dangerous.

Here we had an example of the hardihood of the Indians. One of their women, whose husband had gone on to Fort Hall, staid behind the company by herself, and was delivered of a still-born child, and buried it in the sand; then mounted her horse, and came on. Some of the company, missing her, went back about seven or eight miles, and met her coming on.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16th. We arrived at Fort Hall. Here we saw the Snake Indians holding a dance around a scalp, which they had taken from the Black Feet Indians. They had set the scalp upon the top of a pole. Here we learned from the Indians, that the Black Feet and Crows and Sioux were determined to kill all the white people they could. This did not disturb me much, for I trusted in the Lord, that he would be with me. On Sunday I tried to preach to these people, who seem to be hard-hearted and wicked. Mr. Grant was drunk, and made some disturbance. Here I was told that the Sanpach Indians would sell their wives for horses; and sometimes kill their horses, and eat them, in case of hunger. Mr. Eubanks, who lived in Fort Hall, showed me a woman whom he lived with, and for whom he had given two hundred dollars.

JUNE 28th. We left Fort Hall; camped with a large company of French and Indians, who were on a hunting expedition. Next night we staid on Ross Creek. Mr. Shutz is now our leader. Two Frenchmen and their women are still in the company with us. We staid next night on the head waters of the Pont Neuf River, and next night at the Soda Springs. Next day we traveled twenty miles up Bear River; then turned to the left, and left Bear River to the right hand. We saw snow for five or six days on the mountains, whilst in the valleys the grass is much burnt. Next day we left a beautiful stream and crossed the mountains. We went through some small thickets of aspen trees, and some pine. We saw a band of elks and ante-

lopes. Staid that night with a company of Ponark Indians, on a creek of Ham's fork of Green River. We traded with these Indians, exchanging some tobacco and ammunition, for some buffalo skins, and halters for our horses; and next night we lay on a small branch of Green River.

JULY 3d. We reached Green River an hour after night, where we expected the company to rendezvous; but found nothing there but one dog. We had expected some company from there to the United States.

Here I was told that the Eutaw Indians wish to have a missionary to come and settle amongst them, and to learn them to raise grain. I am of the opinion, that on the east side of Big Salt Lake, that Bear River empties into, would be a great place to establish a mission, and well calculated for raising all kinds of grain. It is good, rich land, a well watered and healthy country. Fish and fowls are very plenty. A beautiful prairie, about one hundred miles long, lies between the lake and the mountain. The plains are covered with green grass all winter, and well calculated for raising stock. Some pines on the mountains, and cotton wood along the creeks and rivers that flow into the lake. There is plenty of salt on the edges of the lake. It is about two hundred and fifty miles in circumference, and lies in 40° north latitude.

From Green River, we turned out of our intended route, and went about a southwest course, in order to avoid the Black Feet Indians.

JULY 3d. Reached Bridgers Fort. Company had left for the United States about thirty days be-

fore, and we saw nothing there but three little, starved dogs. We saw the grave of an Indian woman, who had been killed by the Shiennes. From here we could see the mountain-tops spotted with snow. Mr. Shutz began to talk of going back; but still I felt confident that there would be some way opened for me to get back to the United States; for I trusted in the Lord. This night I was somewhat alarmed by the running of the horses, and we thought that the Indians were trying to steal them; but next morning we found them without much trouble. Next day we had a rough road to travel. We came to a beautiful valley, where we found a fine, cool stream of water. Next day we traveled through brush, and pine saplings, and rocks, and logs, so that we could scarcely get along with our pack-horses. We went through piles of snow two feet deep, and camped on the side of the mountain. It both rained and snowed a little.

Next day we traveled through brush and logs and rocks till 12 o'clock, and only gained half a mile. Then we began to ascend the mountain. The wife of one of the Frenchmen was our pilot. She had two children along; one tied to a board, and hung to the horn of the saddle, and the other in a blanket, tied to her back. When we got to the top of the mountain, it was raining and snowing and thundering, and I was shivering with the cold. There are elk and sheep on this mountain. There were snow piles on the mountain; and yet there was green grass, and flowers, and it looked like the spring of the year. In descending the other side of the mountain, we passed the same kind of loose

rocks that we had to come up on. It was very dangerous on account of the rocks, which were easily started to rolling down the mountains, endangering the legs of our horses. At night we got down to a beautiful, clear lake, at the head of a small creek that came out of the mountains. Here we staid two days. Mr. Miles and his squaw were both taken sick. Mr. Shutz started on Saturday, by himself, to go to Rubedeau's Fort, on Wintey River.

Next day (Sabbath), Rogers and Ross were anxious to start on to Rubedeau Fort. I gave up to go with them, (not, however, without some scruples of conscience for traveling on the Sabbath), as I was anxious to know the prospect of company to go with us from thence to the States. So we started, on and left two men and their wives at the lake. We soon got lost, having no pilot, and had to travel by guess; pressing over steep hills, and through brush, and logs, and saplings, and rocks. Our horses were almost distracted with swarms of flies. That night got to a small prairie, by a small stream, where we staid all night. Next morning we continued our way through logs and brush again, and got to the brow of the mountain, on its southern declivity, but saw no way down. We went back and forth seeking a place to get down, and about an hour before sunset, we commenced the descent. Our horses were sometimes sliding down among the stones. I went foremost; and while leading my horse, I was afraid of getting my bones broke with the loose rocks that were now and then rolling down from above. We scram-

bled along, however, till we got down to the base of the mountain, after dark, which was about a mile and a quarter. When we reached the bottom we were wet and cold, and found that we had lost four of our horses, two of them with packs on them. Next morning we found them, and were glad to find that nothing was lost but my saddle-blanket. This morning we had some frost. We are now on the head of the Wintey River, down which we pursued our journey toward Rubedeau's Fort. About two miles of our journey was almost impassable for the brush, and logs, and rocks. Then we got out of the mountains into a prairie, and reached the Fort about 2 o'clock.

We had to wait there for Mr. Rubedeau about eighteen days, till he and his company and horse-drivers were ready to start with us to the United States. This delay was very disagreeable to me, on account of the wickedness of the people, and the drunkenness and swearing, and the debauchery of the men among the Indian women. They would buy and sell them to one another. One morning I heard a terrible fuss, because two of their women had ran away the night before. I tried several times to preach to them; but with little, if any effect.

Here I heard the mountain men tell of the miserable state of the Indian root-diggers. Numbers of them would be found dead from pure starvation; having no guns to kill game with, and poor shelters to live in, and no clothing except some few skins. These creatures have been known, when pressed with hunger, to kill their children and eat them! and to gather up crickets and ants; and dry

them in the sun, and pound them into dust, and make bread of it to eat! These creatures, when traveling in a hurry, will leave their lame and blind to perish in the wilderness. Here we have a striking example of the depravity of the heathen in their natural state. I was told here, of a Frenchman, who lived with an Indian woman, and when one of his children became burdensome, he dug a grave and buried it alive! At another time he took one of his children and tied it to a tree, and called it a "target," and shot at it, and killed it!

Mr. Rubedeau had collected several of the Indian squaws and young Indians, to take to New Mexico, and kept some of them for his own use! The Spaniards would buy them for wives. This place is equal to any I ever saw for wickedness and idleness. The French and Spaniards are all Roman Catholics; but are as wicked men, I think, as ever lived. No one who has not, like me, witnessed it, can have any idea of their wickedness. Some of these people at the Fort are fat and dirty, and idle and greasy.

JULY 27th. We started from Rubedeau's Fort, over the Wintey River, and next crossed Green and White Rivers. Next night we lay on Sugar Creek, the water of which was so bitter we could scarcely drink it. Here two of Rubedeau's squaws ran away, and we had to wait two days till he could send back to the Fort for another squaw, for company for him.

AUGUST 1st. We camped under a large rock, by a small stream, where we could get but very little grass for our animals. Next night we lay under

the Pictured Rock, and being sheltered from the rain, slept very comfortably. Next day we traveled over rough roads and rocks, and crossed the Grand River, a branch of the Colorado, which runs into the Gulf of California, at the head thereof. Next day crossed another fork of Grand River, and came to Fort Compogera, below the mouth of the Compogera River.

AUGUST 14th (SUNDAY). I preached to a company of French, Spaniards, Indians, half breeds, and Americans, from Proverbs xiv, 32: "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death." I felt the power of the word, and I believe some of the people felt also. I spoke plainly and pointedly to them, and felt as though I would be clear of their blood in the day of eternity.

Next day we started to go through New Mexico, which is a long distance out of our route, to shun the range of the Apahoc Indians; and at night we camped on a small creek. Tuesday morning, we started, and crossed Union River; and next day, crossed Lake River, and lay that night on a small creek. Here are good, clear streams of water; but rough, hilly roads—rocky, sandy, and gravelly; good grazing for our animals all the way.

AUGUST 19th. We could see snow on the mountains. We had a very cold rain. Next day we came to Rubedeau's wagon, which he had left there a year before. He hitched his oxen to it, and took it along. This morning my moccasins were frozen so hard I had to thaw them by the fire before I could put them on. Here we had reports of In-

dian hostilities having commenced near Sante Fe, in New Mexico. Rubedeau sent on an express to see whether it was so, and found it to be a false report.

SUNDAY, 20th. The frost was like a little snow. My blanket, which I used for a tent-cloth, being rained on the night before, was now frozen quite stiff and hard. We left this beautiful plain, which lies between two mountains, with a fine stream of water running through it. How different my feelings were on this Sabbath day, with my gun on my shoulder, and my butcher-knife and tomahawk by my side, in this heathen land, than they would have been in the pulpit with my Bible and Hymn-Book in my hand. On Sabbath evening I tried to preach to them; but being wet and cold after traveling through mountains and plains, we had but little satisfaction. Next morning my blankets and moccasins were frozen hard again. Some snow and rain fell during the night. I pray God to give me more faith, more patience, and more courage to preach the Gospel.

We are now on the waters of the Del Norte River, which falls into the Gulf of Mexico, and are passing the North Mountain. We are now traveling down Tous Valley, which leads down to Tous (a Spanish village) and Sante Fe. This is a beautiful valley, about eighty or a hundred miles long. We remained sometime in this valley, encamped by some beautiful streams of water, waiting for the express to return. We then traveled for several days about a south course, and encamped in the neighborhood of Tous. Here I tried in vain to

persuade our company to leave Rubedeau; for he would detain us too late, as winter was coming on. It will be recollected that there were only four of us in company, bound for the United States; and Rubedeau had hired three of them to stay with him.

We are now in New Mexico, surrounded by Spaniards. They live in little houses covered with mud. The sides are mostly of posts set in the ground, and filled up with mud. In these houses they are warm and comfortable, on their dirt floors. Some of them build their houses with what they call "dobbeys," made of mud, in the shape of brick. Here are beautiful, clear streams of water, and a very healthy country. It is no uncommon thing for the Spaniards in this region to live to the age of a hundred years. Their crops are mostly wheat. They sow it in the spring, and their harvest comes on in September. They have no fences around their farms; for every farmer that has stock, keeps herdsmen to guard his flocks. And, like ancient shepherds, they have large flocks of sheep and goats, to watch both day and night. The milk and meat of the goats are part of their food, and they also make excellent cheese of the milk. I went out to see them making molasses from their small corn-stalks. They ground them, and then pressed out the juice, and boiled it into molasses. A great part of their ground they water by digging small channels, to convey the water to their farms. Mr. Turley, who lives here, has a mill and distillery, and makes a great many drunkards. Here the time seems to pass away very heavily. I

feel very restless and lonesome, and want to be traveling towards home. These Spaniards are all Roman Catholics, and live neatly and cleanly in their houses.

We started on for Bent's Fort, which is about two hundred and fifty miles distant, on the Arkansas River. We traveled a north course, up the valley which we came down before. We have now furnished ourselves with provisions, and have nothing to hinder us; and we mean to travel on as fast as we can. We saw Mr. Collins, who said he had been chased by the Indians. He was one of the trappers, and had come nearly the same route which we had. We crossed some high spurs, and saw it raining from the dark clouds below us. We heard the thunder roaring and saw the lightning flashing, while the sun was shining brightly where we were. That night we reached Red River, near where some Spanish shepherds kept their sheep, where we lodged all night. Next day traveled up the same valley, where we saw the Two Butes, which we had seen twenty days before.

SEPTEMBER 3d. At night we reached Tous Mountain. Here were plenty of bears, deers, and antelopes. That day it rained on us, and we were wet and cold. Next day we crossd Tous Mountain, and camped on a small river, a branch of the Arkansas; on the next day crossed the Arkansas River, and camped there that night. We then went down through the plains. We staid on the Arkansas two nights, and saw bands of buffaloes.

We now meet a great many travelers. This is poor sandy land.

SEPTEMBER 16th. We reached Bent Fort, Arkansas River. We now have warm days and cool nights. I tried to preach on two Sabbaths; once, from Revelation vi, 17: "For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" There was a Baptist preacher present, who was a backslider; who, as I afterwards learned, took notes of my sermon, and spoke his sentiments on it after I was gone. These people were wicked, and would play cards and billiards on the Sabbath. But they were very civil, friendly, and kind to me. There was not as much swearing and drunkenness as at other places I had passed. Here we heard of eight men being killed this summer on this side of the mountain, by the Indians, at different times; two of whom had been killed on the route we had come along. At one time we had some trouble with our horses, they having strayed away. We had one more added to our company—a Mr. M'Carty. Here I bought some sugar and coffee, for each of which I gave two dollars a pound!

I have now about fourteen hundred miles to travel before I reach home. Five of us started on the 26th of September, to wit: Solomon P. Sublette, A. Shutz, James Ross, Mr. M'Carty, and myself. We passed seventy or eighty lodges of the Shiennes Indians, as we came along. A lodge is made of about eight or nine elk skins, dressed and sewed together, and stitched over poles sunk in the ground, and fastened at the top. This makes a

good, warm house to winter in. One of these will hold about twelve or fifteen persons. The first day we started, we traveled down the river about fourteen miles and camped. We have about seven hundred miles to travel to get to the United States, through a very dangerous route, on account of the Pawnee and Camanche Indians. Next night we ate supper after sun-down; then started and traveled about five or six miles out into the prairie, and laid down and slept without fire, in order not to let the Indians know where we were. Here we saw droves and bands of buffaloes and wolves, some droves a mile long, pleasantly grazing on the beautiful plains. Sublette shot down a young bull, by which we got plenty of fresh meat. Every night we were disturbed by the howling of the wolves, and the noise of the buffalo bulls. One night I heard a noise near my bed; and throwing my blanket off of my head, beheld a wolf standing close by my side; but as I moved he instantly sprang away. Next morning we started by daylight. That day we saw hundreds and thousands of buffaloes feeding on the plains on both sides of the river.

October 1st. We stopped to kill and dry meat. We traveled for fourteen days without being out of sight of buffaloes. We had some cold, windy days, and camped in the open prairie every night. We always traveled several miles after dark, and left the road and lay all night without fire; then rose before day, and pursued our journey. One evening, after sunset, as we were

about starting, a grizzly bear came galloping up, and stood upon her hind feet. One of the men quickly shot her down. As we came along, the small prairie dogs would come out of their little holes, which they had dug in the ground, barking at us. This day we saw thousands of buffaloes and antelopes, quietly feeding along the plains; and we also saw gangs of black, white, gray, and prairie wolves. After we crossed the Pawnee fork of little Arkansas, we saw no more buffaloes. We saw a company of the friendly Caw Indians, who told us that the Pawnees were all gone off. We traded some with them.

Here my mind was burdened on account of some of my company, who indulged in profane swearing and ill language. We got to the Council Grove, and remained there parts of two days, and two nights, and traded some with the Indians. This grove is about one hundred miles from the state of Missouri, in a fine, rich country. The bottoms are well timbered, and are about a mile wide; timbered with walnut, hickory, ash, hackberry, sycamore, cherry, and pawpaw, which is the first of this sort of timber that I have seen since I left the States. Here we got some honey from the Indians, which was the first I tasted since I left Missouri. Here will be a beautiful country, if it is purchased by the United States, which is probable, as the Indians are now talking of selling out.

Next morning we started, and traveled six miles, when Sublette's horse took sick, and the company agreed to stop for that night. Being anxious to get

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home, I left them, and traveled on sometime after night, and lodged by myself, in a grove, by a small creek. I was somewhat alarmed at seeing fire at a distance before me; and thinking it to belong to Indians, I hitched my horses and went to it, and found it was only some logs burning. I then returned to my horses, tied them up, and kindled a fire; cooked my supper, and ate it; then committed myself to the hands of the Lord, and lay down to repose, and slept comfortably till about 3 o'clock in the morning. I then arose and started on my journey (it being moonlight), and traveled on till next night without halting, except to let my horses eat a little at the spots of grass. The plains being burnt over by the Indians, my horses were almost starved. I traveled that night about two hours after dark, then took up my lodging in a grove, near a water course. The night being wet and rainy, I crept under a large log, and slept comfortably. Next morning I arose about an hour before day, and started; traveled about eight miles, and came to where four men (hunters) were camped, two of whom were Colonel Boon's grandsons. It seemed to do me good to see the faces of white men. They invited me to eat breakfast with them, which I did, and felt much refreshed. I then started on, and two of these men went with me, and showed me the way. I traveled on, and reached Elm Grove, making about thirty miles that day. Here I made a small tent of willow bushes, which I covered with my blanket, expecting it would rain. I then ate my supper, and turned out my

horses, and commended myself into the hands of the Lord, as usual. I awoke about 3 o'clock, and started; missed my way, and became somewhat bewildered, but soon found the track again. I traveled on that day till dark, and then let my horses graze a little. I sat down and went to sleep. On awakening, I arose and took the back track, for my head seemed to be turned around. I traveled some distance that way, until the moon rose. I then saw that I was wrong, and changed my course. I had traveled nearly all this day without water, and kept on till almost midnight, and came to a small pond of water. I drank, and after eating some supper, laid down and slept four hours, leaving my horse to graze on the burnt plains. In the morning started again, and traveled until about 10 o'clock, which was on the Sabbath day. I there found water, cooked my breakfast, and ate and drank joyfully. Spent a while in prayer, with thanksgiving to the Lord, who had preserved me from the wild beasts, and the ruthless hands of the heathen Indians, and was happy in my soul. I then traveled on, and reached the Shawnee mission that evening. On this day I saw an Indian coming from the plains in a gallop, and thinking he might be an enemy, I soon loaded my gun; but he turned another way. When I reached the Shawnee mission, I can hardly describe my feelings of gratitude that I had once more reached the land of civilization. This is just on the Missouri state line. The people came out to see the old man, who they all thought was dead, and would return no more.

That evening I went to meeting, and heard brother Berryman preach; and an Indian preacher exhorted after him, who seemed to speak very lively. They both spoke in the Indian language. Next morning I disburdened myself of my cooking utensils, and other baggage, which were now useless to me, and purchased some few necessary articles out of the store. I then exchanged two of my horses for one, with brother Evans; but when I saddled him, and mounted, he ran away with me and threw me off; but God preserved my life, and I was not hurt. I then gave the horse up, as he would not suit me, and next morning I traded three of my horses for one, they being poor, and almost starved to death, having traveled three hundred miles over the burnt plains, where there was but very little grazing. I resumed my journey on the 25th of October, and rode to Independence; tried to preach to a few at night. Here I staid with brother Pertee and brother Ford, who told me that they never expected to see me again. Here I met with Mr. Rickman, one of the company who had traveled to Bear River, and had parted with us there to go to California. He had just returned to the settlements. We were very glad to see each other, although we had parted with some degree of strife. Next night I reached brother M'Kinney's, who was a Methodist preacher. Felt myself very comfortable. Next night came to brother Harriman's, an old Methodist; and next night to Warrensburg, and staid with brother Davis. Next night staid at brother Walker's, and preached there. The

next day, which was the Sabbath, staid for class meeting among the blacks. There appears to be a great work of religion among the black people. I hear of great revivals all along here. I preached that night to them again. The black people seem to have the power of religion. I staid that night with brother Forbus, an old acquaintance of mine. Next day reached brother North's. They were very kind to me. I traveled on for several days, and reached St. Louis, meeting with many of my old acquaintances. Staid all night at William Sublette's. Met with Col. Benton, a member of Congress, and had some talk with him about the proposed occupation of the Oregon Territory. He said he intended to do all he could in Congress for the encouragement of the settling of that country. Here I was very kindly treated. Next day crossed the Mississippi, and went to brother Ludwick's, a Methodist preacher. They seemed glad to see me. Continued on to brother Wollard's, where I had staid before. Here I felt comfortable. There I heard of the death of my brother, Robert Williams, who lived in Tennessee. Still traveled on, crossed the Wabash, and went through Terrehaute. Staid at brother Gray's, an old acquaintance of mine. Meeting kind friends every night, I reached Woodbury, and staid at brother Needham's. He and his wife had joined the Methodists, and have professed to experience religion since I had been there before. I preached twice there, and felt comfortable. Sunday following, I preached in a small town, and dined with Dr. Burnet. That night preached at Bridgeport, and staid at brother Kelley's; and next

day passed through Indianapolis, and staid at brother Rector's, a Methodist preacher. Here I felt refreshed. Next day I went through Shelbyville, and staid at night with brother Henry Fisher, who was an old itinerant. I was very joyful to see him, not having seen him for thirty years before. He is still on his way to heaven. For several days past I have had some extremely cold weather to travel in, and some rainy days. This morning I started, and brother Fisher went a few miles with me. The company of our old Methodist preachers seems very refreshing to each other. After brother Fisher left me, the wind began to blow and the snow to fall, which made it very disagreeable. I reached home about 10 o'clock at night, and found my children, that were at home, all well.

I now look back at my travels, and see the promise of the Lord verified: "I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee." I can see the toilsome and dangerous way I have traveled; the many lonesome and sleepless hours I have spent in the mountains and on the plains, where nought but the wolves and the owls broke the silence of the night, and nothing but the wide-spread canopy of heaven over me. For upwards of seven months in succession, I have not slept in a house; have lived among the heathen and wild beasts the last two summers; and have tried to bear testimony to the name of Jesus in the mountains, on the plains, on the hills and in the valleys, wherever sinners were to be found. I am

now advanced in years, and the evening of life is at hand. My travels and troubles will soon be over; and ere long, I expect to take up my permanent abode in the high realms of glory;

"And range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And shout hallelujah! for ever and ever."

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

There mountains high in grandeur rise,
That almost pierce the arched skies;
The vales beneath are dark and low,
Where streamlets murmur soft and slow.

'Tis there the panther's loudest yell
Re-echoes to the distant hills—
There hungry bears, with angry growl,
And famish'd wolves, with dismal howl,

In fearful sounds they seem to tell,
That there's no place for man to dwell:
But man will have a dwelling there,
In spite of panther, wolf, and bear.

There rivers flow both deep and wide—
Along the vales in grandeur glide;
And often swell with angry waves,
To threaten men with watery graves.

But still the desert we pass through,
And bring the Savior's death to view;
The Word on craggy mountains preach,
With many prayers and tears we teach.

Some hut or camp to shield my head,
With no kind friend to give me bread;
Though wet and cold, I lay me down,
To slumber on the chilling ground.

Souls shall from these mountains rise,
To deck our crowns above the skies;
If they by us are brought to know
That God can pardon sins below.

My soul has caught the heavenly flame,
While musing on this glorious plan,
Of calling sinners home to God,
To know and taste a Savior's love.